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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

IN Turkey the Albanian peril has suddenly flared up, and as quickly died down during the week. The clans under the wilder leaders swarmed into Uskub, and advance parties even reached Kuprili and Salonica by way of the railroad down the Vardar valley. They demanded the immediate concession of the remaining points of their programme, meaning thereby the impeachment of the Young Turk ministers and the gift of a supply of rifles. They behaved, on the whole, extremely well, and refrained from any attack on citizens of other races. What happened next is not fully known. There were threats of armed resistance, but for a guess, we should say that peace was bought by something more precious than lead. At all events, the clans were presently seated in excursion trains, which carried them quietly back to their mountains.

MEANWHILE, a further complication has arisen on the Montenegrin frontier at Berana and Kollachin, bordering on the Sandjak. The story runs that the local Christians, who are Servians closely allied to their Montenegrin kinsmen across the border, were armed by Montenegro to save them from massacre by Turks or Albanians. The Turkish garrison in Berana has been hard pressed, and the Turks allege that their assailants include Montenegrins as well as local Servians. In the prevailing excitement, this affair is interpreted as another pretext devised by Montenegro to provoke a war with Turkey, and it is reported that the Ministers in Cettinge have tendered their resignation, unless King Nicholas agrees to sanction further "defensive" preparations.

THERE is clearly serious dissension in the Turkish Cabinet, and Hilmi Pasha (the third to go) has now resigned. The cause of the dispute is said to have been that Kiamil Pasha wishes to pursue an aggressive policy against the Young Turks, which Hilmi Pasha and some of his colleagues thought unwise. Apparently the extreme view of the "Liberal" faction has prevailed. In Bulgaria, meanwhile, the agitation in favor of war with Turkey proceeds, and a great demonstration to demand a forward policy has been held at Philippopolis. There are continual reports of the success of the tentative Turco-Italian negotiations which have been proceeding between two successive relays of semi-official diplomatists in "way-side taverns." It is said that the final stage of official negotiations will shortly be reached, and that the plenipotentiaries will meet in Paris.

LORD HUGH CECIL has joined with Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson in inciting the Ulster Orangemen to rebellion. The Ulster resistance to Home Rule, he informs us in a letter in Monday's "Times," will not be like the "casual violence" which Belfast recently witnessed, but will be "an organised and disciplined movement, like war in its discipline and self-control," and not marked by serious violence unless the Government attempt to suppress it. Lord Hugh justifies this resistance, but claims that his approval does not make it more difficult for him "to disapprove other illegal acts." There is no general rule, and "each breach of the law must be judged on its own merits"—the judge apparently being Lord Hugh himself. Thus, according to the latest Cecilian doctrine, a syndicalist or a suffragette who breaks the law is to be punished, but a Privy Councillor guilty of the same acts must go scot free. But Lord Hugh Cecil's devotion to the Protestant ascendancy carries him even further than this. "The Parliament Act" was, he says, "passed by treason, and Bills carried under its provisions must bear the same taint. They will not be true laws, but the mere decrees of a treasonable faction." In other words, measures passed under the provisions of an Act of Parliament which has received the assent of King, Lords, and Commons, are to have no legal authority because they do not commend themselves to Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends.

In the meantime, a series of demonstrations have been arranged to take place in Ulster next month, culminating in a meeting at Belfast on September 28th, when the Orangemen will pledge themselves by "a solemn covenant" not to acknowledge the Dublin Parliament, not to obey its laws, and to refuse payment of the taxes it imposes. With a nice regard for the oath they have taken, the Privy Councillors present are to take the lead in signing this treasonable document, and they are also expected to announce, "contingently on the passage of a Home Rule Bill, the heads of the Constitution which they will set up, with separate judiciary as well as Assembly." It is significant that none of the more responsible Unionist leaders are taking part in this melodramatic nonsense. Probably the most its promoters expect from it is a recurrence of the "casual violence" in the Belfast shipyards, which Lord Hugh Cecil affects to deplore. But we have every confidence that the Government will know how to repress the violence, whether "disciplined" or "disorderly," which Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson are doing their best to excite.

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At a Unionist meeting at Cirencester, on Tuesday, Lord St. Aldwyn hinted at a policy of resistance to Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, which, though less openly treasonable than Mr. Bonar Law's, is hardly more constitutional. Beginning with the Insurance Act, which contained the "two very good principles" of contribution by the insured persons and State aid, he predicted that the Irish and Welsh Bills, after passing the House of Commons, will be rejected by the House of Lords after "a very short and sharp debate." A similar fate will await them next year, and should the by-elections fought in the meantime prove unfavorable to the Government, Ministers would not "dare to advise their Sovereign to give his Royal Assent to the two Bills," and if they did venture on such a course they might "be told it was their duty to consult the country." Thus, the unpopularity of the contributory principle in the Insurance Act—the very principle which Lord St. Aldwyn praises—is to be used as a means to discredit the Government, and if the effort succeeds, pressure is to be brought on the King to adopt a course which has not been taken by any English Sovereign since the time of Queen Anne. These tactics are likely to be attempted, but they are especially unbecoming to a party that only a year ago raised an outcry about "dragging the Crown into politics" when the Sovereign was asked to act, not in opposition to, but in conformity with, the advice of his Ministers.

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In the first prosecutions for breaches of the Insurance Act, the defendants have failed to enlist the sympathy of either the magistrates or the public. Some time ago the "Times" suggested that the courts would be unlikely to impose more than a nominal fine of one shilling for such offences. Moreover, both at Lambeth and Woolwich, the Police Court proceedings revealed a clear expectation of easy treatment in the minds of the defendants and their counsel. In one case—that of a draper who sought to turn his refusal to pay his employees' contributions into an occasion for political propaganda—penalties were imposed amounting in all to over £20, and in another, that of a baker who "had no intention of stamping cards and knew his risk," the fines were on the same scale. An attempt by one of the offenders to challenge the ethics of the Act, although

discouraged by the magistrates, was not ignored, but, on the contrary, was accepted, and dealt with as evidence of a deliberate purpose in lawlessness.

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BITTER feeling has been aroused in China by the President's treacherous execution of the Hu-pe generals. Yuan-Shi-Kai's agent first dined and toasted the generals, and then had them led out to a drum-head court-martial and shot. The charge against them was that they were conspiring against the Republic, and the instructions and the necessary evidence are said to have been forwarded from Hankow by General Li Yuan-Hung. The "Times" Hankow correspondent justifies the executions on the ground that what China most needs is peace; and then follows the usual praise of Yuan-Shi-Kai as the still strong man. But even if we accept his view of the generals' guilt, nothing could justify the manner of their execution. Nor is this the first time the President has shown treachery and cruelty. But the Advisory Council, to its credit, does not readily accept the official explanations, and the President will have to appear in person to justify his action, if he can. Yuan-Shi-Kai, as a Northerner, is bitterly unpopular in the South, which suspects him of secret disloyalty to the Republic, and of a design to establish himself as Emperor. In a long and powerful letter to yesterday's "Times," however, Dr. Morrison, the famous correspondent, who now enters the Chinese service, stoutly defends the Government's action, repudiates recent reports as alarmist exaggerations, and is very optimistic about the country's future under the Republic.

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THE correspondent of the "Times" in Teheran continues to send pessimistic accounts of the state of chaos into which Persia, and particularly Persian finances, have fallen since the Russian invasion and Mr. Shuster's eviction. Add to this, the disorder in the South due to the impossibility of organising a good gendarmerie without money. In a leading article, the "Times," while making no apology for Russian methods, urges that the time has come for us to profit by them. While professing "the greatest repugnance" to a British occupation of the South, it none the less urges that "if it is to take place with the minimum of friction and the minimum of danger, Great Britain and Russia must take counsel together, and must frame a joint policy based on the actual facts of the situation." There is, one imagines, a good deal to settle. Who, for example, would occupy the neutral zone, or is there a secret clause in the convention? Russia has never formally admitted our pretensions in the Gulf. We deal in a leading article with this proposal. Unless Liberals are prepared to combat it, it means the end of any pretension to honor in our foreign policy, and the assumption of military responsibilities which could not be met in the long run without conscription.

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A REMARKABLE article in the "Berliner Tageblatt" satirises in Herr Harden's vein the way in which France, Germany, and England are tumbling over each other for the favors of Russia. It points out how well Russia has exploited England's moods and anxieties in Europe. She has secured our acquiescence in her Persian schemes; she is breaking down the wall that barred against her the road to India; she is advancing in the Far East; and she is scheming for the opening of the Dardanelles.

"The three countries—Germany, France, and England—are at one in the folly which is deceiving itself, and only serves Russia's aspirations. One of these, however, is certainly the biggest fool of the three." It is not a compliment to this country, but we have earned the distinction.

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A FRENCH nominee has been proclaimed Sultan at Fez, and Mulai Hafid, the ex-Sultan, is the jest of the crowds in France. Before entering upon her expensive new inheritance in Morocco, France is settling up with Spain. According to the published accounts of the draft treaty, Spain has done much better than most people expected. She retains all the territory in the North given her by the 1904 Treaty, with some slight additions; in the South she loses all her claims, with the exception of a strip near Ifni, just opposite the Canaries. France has reduced these Spanish claims in the South on the ground that she herself has had to pay compensation to Germany in the Congo. The plunder is fairly divided; and the new Treaty, so far as it goes, will be satisfactory evidence that there is honor among thieves. In the meantime, the magnitude of the task that France has undertaken in Morocco is becoming more apparent. The Moors naturally have no enthusiasm for the new Sultan, and Pretenders, new and old, are in the field. We may expect before long the war for the conquest of Morocco to begin; and France will have cause for self-congratulation if it does not take her any longer than the conquest of Algeria—say, thirty years.

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SINCE the amendment restricting the exemption from the Panama Canal tolls to coastwise American traffic, less has been heard of America's indifference to treaty obligations; indeed, it is now recognised that this charge of international immorality was raised by American Conservatives, not so much from zeal for the honor of America as from a desire to defeat the Bill on other and more selfish grounds. President Taft's action has been characteristic. He is understood to believe that the Bill in its present form is not a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, but anxious to be above suspicion on the point of honor, he proposed an amending resolution, declaring that the Bill left to all Powers their rights intact under the Treaty, and giving them an appeal to the United States Courts. His proposal was rejected by both Houses, nor, though we are surprised at its rejection, would its acceptance have been of much value. Our own view is that our diplomacy would be well advised not to dispute America's right to exempt coastwise traffic which is already a monopoly of hers. The chief danger lies in the extraordinarily wide extension which the American Courts have given to the definition of coastwise traffic—an extension which, at present, includes practically all American shipping.

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MR. CHURCHILL is rumored to have postponed his visit to Canada, and we hope truly. The exact terms of Canada's offer to assist the Imperial Navy are not known, but at any rate they are certain to be the subject of keen political controversy in Canada. The Liberal view, embodied in Sir Wilfred Laurier's Bill, was that Canada should build a navy for Canadian purposes. The Conservatives are understood to favor a Canadian contribution to our Imperial Navy for Imperial purposes, to which Mr. Bourassa, who as leader of the French Nationalists holds the balance of power between the

parties, adds as a rider, "Yes, if Canada is also given a voice in the direction of Imperial policy." If Mr. Churchill visited Canada before this question is definitely settled, he could hardly avoid interfering improperly in what is still a question of Canada's domestic politics. Nor is the consent of the British House of Commons to Canada's conditions to be taken for granted. The introduction on the Executive of a new element, irresponsible to Parliament, and that at a time when Parliament is anxious to recover its control over foreign policy, would be a heavy price to pay for a couple of Dreadnoughts, which are not needed.

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THERE will not be much surprise at the news that Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has given up his attempt to produce opera in London, and that he is preparing to sell or lease the theatre which he built for the purpose in Kingsway. Mr. Hammerstein attributes his failure to lack of support from "the wealthy people, who should endow grand opera," and complains, with some bitterness, that his efforts received "no social recognition whatever," and that he met with hostility and suspicion merely because he was an American. He is still confident that grand opera would find support in London, if produced at moderate prices and under favorable conditions. We can hardly blame a disappointed impresario for some display of irritation; but everyone who has followed the progress of Mr. Hammerstein's venture knows perfectly well that his nationality had nothing to do with his want of success. The programme offered at the London Opera House had not sufficient freshness or interest to attract large audiences, and the style in which the operas were produced did not compensate for an unwise selection. We regret the failure of Mr. Hammerstein's enterprise, and we hope that the Kingsway building will not, as seems likely, fall into the hands of some syndicate for providing music-hall entertainments.

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THE death of General Booth last Tuesday, at the age of eighty-three, deprives the country of one of its most conspicuous and typical personalities. Though born into the Church of England, he early joined the Wesleyans, and became a preacher in the "New Connexion." Leaving them, owing to a dispute as to his special missionary function, he founded a "Christian Mission" in London about the middle of the 'sixties, and labored at it in conjunction with Mrs. Booth, a woman equally remarkable. In 1877 the idea of the "Salvation Army" was first formed, and this peaceful body, in which no retaliation to the most violent persecution was permitted, was organised on military lines. The General always retained sole command, but nearly 22,000 officers are now serving in the Army under terms of the strictest discipline, and branches are established in almost every country. After the publication of "Darkest England and the Way Out," in 1890, vast attempts at social reform were instituted in the shape of farm colonies, night shelters, workshops, and rescue homes. But the element of personal religion and the "salvation" of the soul, even from the uttermost limits of evil, was present in all social schemes. Whatever may be thought of the Army's religious methods and attacks upon poverty (and all opposition to both has died down), it is certain that the General's influence has transformed much of the religious and social creed of the world. As was long anticipated, the General appointed his eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, as his successor.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE PRESENT PLIGHT OF PERSIA.

A FRESH crisis is rapidly approaching in the agony of Persia, and this time it can hardly fail to be final. Persia ceased last December to be an independent State, but she has not yet become in form a dependency partitioned between her two "protectors." She staggers towards that fate, neither free nor enslaved, neither acquiescing in her doom nor able to avert it, without will or organisation of her own, but not, as yet, the legal serf of the two Powers which command her. There is chaos and bankruptcy and disorder; no tyrant sits on her throne, and no Medjliss sits in the vacant Chamber. On one proposition, and one only, all observers of her present plight are agreed. It cannot long continue, and it would be intolerable that it should continue. The choice lies between the restoration of her liberties and a frank subjugation. Already the first hint has been spoken that the latter process is under contemplation. In a review of her condition, which had at least the merit of a certain cynical honesty, the "Times," which seems to be the spokesman of official Liberalism in its foreign policy, gave this week the first sinister hint of a new programme. It seems to admit that any co-operation between the two Empires which have assumed a step-motherly guardianship over Persia has come to an end. They were united to ruin the last chance of Persian nationalism under Mr. Shuster's inspiring leadership. But of any agreement on that policy of financial and political reconstruction which Sir Edward Grey then salved his conscience by foreshadowing, there is no longer a trace. Russia destroyed in order to annex. We agreed to the destruction in the futile hope of rebuilding. But to-day the pretence of respecting Persia's integrity and independence is frankly dropped. "There is no such thing as an Anglo-Russian policy in Persia." "Northern Persia," the "Times" calmly writes, "has become, and must continue to be, a Russian dependency," while in the South "our policy of drift is leading inevitably to occupation." In a sentence of perfunctory and insincere regret, the "Times" remarks that it would accept a British occupation in the South with "the greatest reluctance." Four lines later, it is proposing that Great Britain and Russia should concert together how this partition and occupation may take place "with the minimum of friction and the minimum of danger." This proposal will not be ignored if there is left in Liberalism any consciousness of its own aims, or any regard for its own and our country's honor. There is here a challenge which must rouse us to decisive action.

The main point to seize in judging this situation is that we are not dealing with a country which has drifted into its present anarchy mainly by its own faults and defects. We are dealing with a country which had roused itself from the slumbers and corruptions of centuries, and had taken the essential steps towards regeneration. The present ruin of Persia dates only from last December, and it is the deliberate work of Russia,

carried out with the complicity and assent of Britain. The whole shameful story is told this week by the man who was the chief actor in the tragedy. Mr. Morgan Shuster's "The Strangling of Persia" (T. Fisher Unwin) will be widely read in America and in India as well as at home, and it will deal a shrewder blow at our national prestige than many a diplomatic failure. It is a readable and vivacious book, of transparent honesty, a chronicle which reflects on every page the manly and vigorous personality of its author. There is comparatively little in it that is new to anyone who has followed the course of events with care, but it conveys two irresistible impressions. The first of them is that Mr. Shuster and his American staff could and would have succeeded in bringing the finances and consequently the whole internal administration of Persia into order, had Russia permitted him to succeed. He achieved marvels in a very few months. He had already imposed his will on the whole corrupt governing class of *grandees*—the men who, partly from habit, partly from ignorance, were perpetuating under the Constitution the dishonesty and self-seeking which they and their fathers had learned at the vilest of Asiatic Courts. But, above all, it was proved by events that Mr. Shuster had on his side in his work the mass of the people and its intelligent class. He found in the men who made the revolution, and, above all in the Medjliss, a capacity to understand his honest and disinterested work, and from the moment that they perceived that a foreigner was actually working wholeheartedly for Persia, they became his lieutenants, his partisans, his devoted bodyguard. The Medjliss stood by him with a really heroic fortitude, though its stand will certainly mean for most of its seventy deputies the risk of reprisal from Russia and the reaction. The press was, from first to last, on his side. The popular clubs, even the secret societies of the women, were ceaselessly working on his behalf. After such an experience, in spite of the corruption of the few, one may honestly say that Persia, as a nation, desired reform, would submit to reform, and would follow with a blind devotion any honest and able man who had the strength to impose reform.

The other irresistible conviction which the book leaves behind it is that Russia was resolved at all costs to prevent reform. "With the exception of the corrupt *grandees* and dishonest public servants," writes Mr. Shuster, "the Persians all desired that we should succeed. Russia became aware of that feeling, and unwittingly paid us the compliment of fearing that we would succeed in our task. That she never intended to allow; the rest of the controversy was detail." Russia sought to prevent the appointment of these American experts. She would have preferred that Persia should have glided insensibly into bankruptcy, without an effort at restoration. When she saw that Mr. Shuster was strong and capable, she sought to bribe him by offering him power and office under the ex-Shah, whom she covertly desired to bring back to the throne. When she saw that he was honest, she first attempted to thwart his work, and then evicted him by armed invasion from Persian soil. We will not review once more the details of the meanest campaign in



all the annals of imperialism. We will not admit that Russia had even the faintest legitimate ground for her violent and brutal action. Of our own diplomacy, we can only repeat our conviction that by its weakness, subservience, and timidity, it has covered itself with dishonor, and exposed us to problems which are now seen to be almost insoluble.

Persia is bankrupt to-day; she is anarchical; she has at her head only those same corrupt and weak grandees whom the Medjliss resisted and Mr. Shuster over-awed. Undoubtedly she lies in ruins. That is Russia's work, done with our assent. Already we have violated our every pledge. We promised in Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's despatch, when the Convention with Russia was concluded, "to assure for ever the independence of Persia," and both Powers agreed "not to allow one another to intervene on the pretext of safeguarding their interests." We declared that Persia "will thus be perfectly free to manage her own affairs in her own way." To-day, as the result of incessant and violent interventions, that independence is gone, and even the "Times" admits that the Northern Sphere has become a dependency of Russia. The sequel is an invitation to carry our disloyalty to its full logical conclusion—to take our half of the country whose integrity we pledged ourselves to maintain. That logic, to our thinking, is irresistible, unless, even at this eleventh hour, we are prepared to make a stand against Russia. We hold her promises to withdraw her troops. Let us claim them. We can demand the restoration of that Medjliss which she has twice destroyed. We can insist that if she will not have Mr. Shuster, there are other honest men in the world's two hemispheres, who may take up the work which he was forced to lay down. That we have the means to put pressure on Russia without war, has always been our firm conviction. She cannot advance in China, where she seems to be plotting with Japan an intervention comparable to her procedure in Persia, without our connivance. She cannot obtain the opening of the Dardanelles without our assent. We have rendered to France services which give us a right to ask for French backing in controlling a partner who has played fast and loose with us both. The simplest means of all, if France would join us, would be to close the money-markets of Paris and London against her. Sir Edward Grey has allowed her to take her own course in Asia, solely and simply because he dreaded her entry into the German camp. That result has not been achieved. We have sacrificed the other world, and we have not prospered in this. We have thrown away our fair name, and we have not won an ally against Germany.

To devise a constructive programme, to think out the ways and means, is the business of the Foreign Office. Our duty is to say, with a simplicity and an emphasis that cannot be misunderstood, that, at any cost, we will not have a partition of Persia or a British occupation of the South. It is a question of honor, but it is a question also of vital interests. On the day that our troops face the Cossacks across a Persian boundary, we have become a military empire with a Continental frontier, which could no longer delay to adopt conscription. That is the material issue, and for us there could be no greater.

There is not a day to be lost. Let every elector who realises all the shame and the danger of this crisis write at once to his Member of Parliament, and intimate that his vote will depend on this matter. Let every Liberal Member who understands his duty intimate to Ministers that a limit has been reached in his loyalty. There comes a point when such a policy as this deserves and demands unflinching opposition in the lobbies of the House.

The logic, the expediency, and the morals of the situation are therefore equally clear. The Government, faced with the imminent partition of Persia, and dishonorably urged by the "Times," not only to acquiesce in that policy, but to promote it, are also in direct contact with their solemn pledge to avoid partition and to prevent it. They cannot hesitate; Imperial honor and Indian interests admit of only one course, and Liberalism, if it be not an extinct and despised creed, bars every other. We must call on Russia to observe her share of the agreement, as we observe ours, and if the Government, in advancing, or rather reverting, to that position, requires the support of the nation, it should be liberally and promptly tendered. If we Liberals shrink from seeing our representatives covered with indelible disgrace, Conservatives may well be on guard to save India from crippling expenditure and a long vista of military alarms and internal unrest. Sir Edward Grey himself must feel that he has reached the critical test of his courage and intellectual steadfastness. If he stands firm, he is saved, for Russia gives way. If he bends in a compliance to a treachery which he must in his soul abhor, his party will no longer keep a place for him among its leaders, or his country one on its roll of honor.

#### THE RIGHT OF REBELLION.

THERE is much speculation about what is to happen on Ulster Day. It is certain that many Protestants will attend divine service to demonstrate their undying hatred of Roman Catholics, and that the Balmoral oath, or some variant of it, will be re-administered by the lay priests of sedition outside to as many as care to take it. Beyond that, all is uncertainty. There was some talk of seizing the General Post Office in Belfast by way of further proof of Ulster's loyalty to the Union, and, as it happens, there is much discontent in North of Ireland Post Offices just now with the conditions of service. But if it be true that most of the postal servants in Belfast are Nationalists, the Post Office would not seem a very promising place for the formal opening of the rebellion. But whatever form the rebellion may take, the philosophers of Toryism are busy justifying it in advance, and Lord Hugh Cecil has this week rushed to the assistance of Mr. Law with a raw levy of arguments, historical, philosophical, personal, and even cowardly. The argument which draws a distinction between what Ulster will do in this rebellion and what she has always done, only shows cowardice before accusing conscience. How can Lord Hugh Cecil or anyone guarantee us against a renewal of such atrocities as Mr. Devlin recently described? It was an Ulster paper which wrote once of

a political meeting, that "an animated discussion ensued, in which some blood was shed," and the natural consequence of the squibs that some Conservatives are throwing amongst Ulster crowds will be maiming and killing. It is again a purely personal argument that denies to Churchill, the son, the right to talk like a statesman because Churchill, the father, once talked something like treason. Lord Hugh Cecil's historical argument is brought from Venice, who, he says, would rightly fight if Italy proposed to hand her back to Austria. What is the Unionism coming to which can see no difference between provincial autonomy and foreign domination? Perhaps Lord Hugh Cecil may learn something if he inquires from those Conservatives who took part in the Veto Conference why they have so ostentatiously avoided approving Mr. Law's incitements to rebellion. Lastly, his philosophical argument draws a distinction between rebellion in Ulster, which is right, and rebellion elsewhere, which is probably wicked. In future, when Mr. Law, Mr. Tillet, and Lala Lajpat Rai say the same kind of thing, we are to apply to Lord Hugh Cecil, and his conscience will decide which should be eulogised as the savior of his country, which ignored, and which sent to penal servitude.

The ethics of rebellion are not a mystery of the Tory conscience, but tolerably simple. Rebellion—whether armed or passive does not matter much—seems to us justified when three conditions are fulfilled. First, definite injury must be threatened in a matter of conscience or inalienable right. Secondly, there must be no way but force of repelling an injury which will be irremediable. Thirdly, the use of force must not bring about greater evils than those that it proposes to remedy. This last condition Mr. Churchill has labored to show is absurd in Ulster, and he has convinced many Conservatives by reasoning essentially Conservative in character. There are still many Conservatives who object to throw away their most honorable tradition as the party of law and order. But the other justifications of rebellion are no less conspicuously lacking. Not a shred of evidence has been offered that any class in Ulster will suffer, and even if injury were likely, it is not irremediable, nor is force the only way of preventing it. The Bill is so abounding with safeguards that the first hope of Ulster Unionists was that the Nationalists would reject it; and when Mr. Balfour once said that Home Rule once given could not be taken away, he meant, not that Parliament could not repeal an Act which was working real injustice, but that the injustice would never be so real as to give it an excuse. If they really thought that oppression was likely, Conservatives could never have committed themselves so deeply to the principle of Home Rule as they did in 1910. Who ever heard of a rebellion over differences, not on the principle of a Bill which long ago disappeared as between the parties, but on details only? And it is very eloquent that when Conservatives are driven to it to find justification for the attitude of Ulster Unionists, the Bill itself is the last thing they think about. They always fly to the Parliament Act for their reasons; they are, in fact, interested in the imaginary grievances of Ulster only because they illustrate the grievance of the Tory Party against the

destruction of the Lords' Veto. When Lord Hugh Cecil says that treason is no crime because the Parliament Act has no moral authority, he is not talking mere party clap-trap, but betraying the fact that he cares very little for Ulster, but very much for the old privileges of the Tory Party before the Parliament Act. It is pitiful to see the passions of the fine Scottish stock in Ulster, narrow and soured though they are, put in this base fashion to grind the mill of the Tory Party.

Some fresh light was thrown on Unionist hopes by a singularly frank speech of Lord St. Aldwyn on Tuesday. He thought that if the Government continued to lose by-elections, they dared not advise the Crown to give its assent to Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and that the Crown would be justified in refusing it if they did. Lord St. Aldwyn did not advocate rebellion, but no doubt he was also expressing quite correctly the calculations of those who do. Ulster in rebellion, more or less guarded, is to be a kind of super-by-election always going against the Government, and designed, if it fails to intimidate the Government, to intimidate the King. Lord St. Aldwyn, it seems, is rather less careful of the position of the Crown than he was of the House of Lords. He was against the rejection of the Budget on grounds of expediency, but apparently he does not object to the Crown running an equal or even greater risk by refusing its assent to Bills passed in constitutional form. Lord St. Aldwyn's speculations on the probable action of the Crown are sufficiently grotesque, for there is not the remotest possibility of its doing anything so foolish as he suggests. It is nearly two hundred years since the Crown refused its assent to a Bill. But his hopes throw a strong light on the argument sometimes heard that rebellion in Ulster would not be against the Crown but only against the abuse of the Constitution by a tyrannical Executive. The first motive of the Opposition is to force the Government out of office by disorders in Ulster. Failing that, they are quite ready to do the Crown the same disservice as the Chamberlain faction did to the House of Lords. They will not only stop at nothing in Ulster, but are even willing, in pursuit of their disloyal ends, to gamble with the prestige of the Crown in England. Sedition could no further go.

#### THE AUSTRIAN MOVE.

THE habit of assuming that a diplomatic Note means something more, and perhaps something other, than what it says is so ingrained in most of us that a statesman who honestly spoke his mind would be received by the world as a dangerous intriguer. In every capital of Europe, the Austrian Note on the Balkans is being discussed, and every interpretation, save the plain sense of its words, is eagerly debated. Count Berchtold has invited the Powers of the Concert to exchange views with him on the present posture of Turkish affairs. Friendly support, he suggests, should be given to the new Ottoman Government if it contemplates a policy of decentralisation, and while this is being carried out the Balkan States should be induced to keep the peace. That is a free paraphrase of the Note and the semi-official explana-

tions which accompany it, and, at a first glance, to the plain man it appears to convey an intelligible and very proper sentiment. Forget for a moment what you know or suspect of the intentions and ambitions of some parties and groups in Austria. Dismiss the idea that she covets Salonica, or has secretly partitioned Macedonia with the Bulgarians, or has for years incited the Albanians to revolt by her propaganda. Let us assume for a moment that she is at heart what she certainly is in all her official utterances and in most of her official acts—a highly conservative Power, cautious, unadventurous, peace-loving, with an Emperor on her throne who is too aged and too feeble, if he were not also too good, to contemplate a policy of intrigue and aggression. This highly conservative Power, which has for a generation made a fetish of the *status quo* in the Balkans, perceives, as we all do, that Turkey has entered on a crisis which may easily end in a comprehensive catastrophe. She is wise enough—and this is the new and encouraging feature—to perceive that mere counsels of inertia will no longer suffice to keep the peace. Some satisfaction must be found for the nationalist aspirations which the Turks are no longer strong enough to repress. A new Government is in power which has, at least in Albania, under the pressure of a really menacing revolt, reversed the centralising policy of "Turcification" pursued by its predecessors. What its constructive aims are, we do not know, and so divided is it that we may question whether as yet it has any. But, undoubtedly, some of the Ministers, and notably Kiamil Pasha, were associated with the so-called "Liberal" party, which did for a time put forward a policy of decentralisation, if not of Home Rule. It is a clever move on Austria's part to assume that the intention of decentralisation exists. If it does, the Concert both can and ought to render Turkey assistance by ending the Italian war, by preventing the presentation of other claims, by easing the financial strain, and, above all, by securing the inaction of the Balkan States while the hazardous and difficult process of re-adjustment is in progress. If Austria means this, she means well, and it is only decent to suppose that this is in fact what she does mean.

If the Young Turks, in their first year of power, had faced the problem of decentralisation, it is probable that they would have succeeded, and could have saved the Empire for generations to come. Whether any Turkish Cabinet could do it now, is much more doubtful. Albanians and Bulgarians, who are the races chiefly concerned, are by now in a mood of such uncompromising hostility that it would be difficult to induce them to give any experiment a fair and loyal trial. But the first and gravest question which arises turns on the meaning of the word "decentralisation." If it means territorial autonomy, we question gravely whether anything of that kind could be applied as a general solution for the question of the nationalities in Turkey. The Albanians will not be capable of managing any plan of self-government and Home Rule until they have had a generation of schooling. Macedonia cannot be erected into an autonomous province without stirring an inferno of racial and religious strife. The Armenians are scattered over several wide regions, in none of which are they over any

great space a majority of the population. The Greeks are scattered over the islands and coast-fringes. The Arabs, although the least mixed and least scattered of all the non-Turkish races, are for the most part far below the level of such a political experiment. For our part, it is on quite other lines that we should wish to see "decentralisation" attempted. We are not at all sure that the definition of nationality which has prevailed since 1848 is final, or can be rendered universal. Certainly in the East the essential element in the idea of nationality is not the possession of a certain territory. It is an ideal of culture which centres in the schools, colleges, and churches of a given race, and has for its chief ensign and most cherished possession the language of that race. From the Turkish conquest downwards, the Old Turks, without any philosophy of the subject, allowed to the national idea a good if somewhat antiquated organisation. Greeks and Armenians, and latterly Bulgarians, were recognised as a "Millet" or nation. Each had its own church, whose patriarch was its spokesman, and each enjoyed in the management of its communal affairs complete self-government. Those affairs included the church, the school, and even the settlement of litigation among its members. To our thinking, the prime error of the Young Turks was to assail this old-world solution of the problem of nationality, and the best hope for any safe policy of decentralisation would be to return to it, and develop it. We should like to see the Albanians and the Arabs recognised as "Milletts." The structure of the national community demands some modification, probably on the lines of secularisation. Further, it would be wise to follow the Austrian and the Indian examples, and to re-model the system of representation in the Ottoman Parliament, so that each race, as a separate electorate, should return its own members in due proportion, without internecine conflict. If this were done, if the national aspirations of each race were centred in the cultural life of its own community, and busied with its own language, schools, and churches, it might be possible to devise some form of local self-government, into which racial rivalries need not obtrude. Establish local councils, occupied solely with such economic matters as the roads, agriculture, and land settlement, and it is conceivable that parties within them might range themselves in social rather than racial camps. We are not too sanguine as to this suggestion, for the real difficulty, in Europe at least, is that the racial and social distinctions are apt so nearly to coincide. But, on these lines, decentralisation is worth trying. On a basis of territorial autonomy, it would mean either a plan so timid that it would please no one, or so drastic that it would disrupt the Empire.

We do not pretend to know whether it is anything of this kind which Austrian statesmen have in mind. Certainly it is in line with the whole trend of modern thought in Austria on the question of nationality. But we admit that the chances are all against this or any other solution on lines of compromise. A whole generation of Bulgarians has grown up in passionate devotion to the ideal of territorial autonomy, with annexation to Bulgaria as the only contemplated alternative. You cannot carve out an autonomous Macedonia between



Constantinople and Albania, without also providing some new organisation for Albania, and Albania cannot stand alone. Between the aspirations of Turkey's subjects and the ambitions of her neighbors, it is probable that in the end the only solution will be partition. Every good European will wish well to the exchange of views which Austria has proposed. But it is not impossible that it may end only in a demonstration, by way of the *reductio ad absurdum*, that no moderate solution is possible. A century ago statesmen met in Vienna to consider the vast problems of European nationality. Events tore their decisions to tatters. We doubt whether Count Berchtold's "exchange of views" will even result in decisions.

### A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

ENGLAND is often reproached for her incapacity in producing Saints. Our history, it is said, can show few Saints, or perhaps none, to compare with such men and women as St. Francis or St. Teresa, and certainly the Calendar counts few English names. We think this is partly due to historic differences about church government and doctrinal points within the main body of Christianity; but chiefly it is due to a difference of ideal as to what sanctity is. The English are rather shy of using the word Saint at all, and thus separating a man off from his fellows. A saintly attitude is the last that an Englishman would consciously take, either on a committee or for his portrait. Vigorous as our controversies over theological doctrines have been, few of the leaders were distinguished for powers of meditation or contemplative ecstasy, and the general ideal of English life has tended to goodness and practical benevolence rather than to a holiness that might be canonised and adored.

But when the English ideal of goodness and practical benevolence is kindled into a steady and persistent flame by spiritual conviction, even in this country we may learn the nature and power of the Saint. George Fox and John Wesley are obvious examples, and it is with them that William Booth is most commonly compared. Cromwell and Gordon were Saints of another type, but to them, too, he had points of resemblance. In all four, as in General Booth himself, we see the strongly practical side developed—the eager desire to save the bodies and temporal lives of men, combined with a continual solicitude for eternity. But in General Booth we find a closer relationship with the soldier Saints. All know the apparently casual thought which created "the Army." William Booth and the wife to whom he owed so incalculable a debt were leading a "Christian Mission," and to the question, what the Christian Mission was, someone had answered, "A Volunteer Army." Booth took the pen and wrote "Salvation" in place of "Volunteer," and the thing was done. It seemed quite casual; but, in fact, the inspiration of his life was conflict. Preaching physical peace, and forbidding retaliation to physical violence, he was, none the less, a soldier in spirit. The enemy was as definite and real a thing to him as to Napoleon. Like the Manicheans, he regarded existence as a perpetual war between the powers of light and darkness, and he

had no more doubt as to the reality and deadly purpose of his foes than if he had seen their batteries opening fire from the Northern Heights and Shooter's Hill. "My life has been a continual fight," he said to the Lord Mayor of London a few years ago, when he was presented with the Freedom of the City. There is no doubt that from hour to hour up to the very last he so regarded it, and all humanity is now encouraged by the example of a man who never allowed himself to sink into the peaceful acquiescence of old age.

That appeal to the inherently militant spirit in man was the first cause of his personal influence and the Army's rapid extension. "Were Socrates and Charles XII. of Sweden both present in any company," Dr. Johnson said, "and Socrates were to say, 'Follow me, and hear a lecture on philosophy'; and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me, and dethrone the Tsar,' a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates." The General's appeal in his spiritual warfare was the same. Accepting the primitive teaching of Biblical faith in its crudest and most literal form; indifferent to lectures on philosophy, doctrinal discussions, or interpretations; disregarding priesthoods, rituals, and even sacraments in his fiery haste for righteousness, he laid his hand upon the sword of the spirit and called to all mankind to follow him and dethrone the Tsar who reigns as Devil. He plainly visualised that hideous enemy of God and man. There stood the hosts of the Evil One drawn up in battle array. They had their spies among the angels; their pickets were set in every heart; their guns lay hidden and embrasured in every brothel and public-house; their flanks were protected by swarms of mounted passions, and the light-armed auxiliaries of worldliness; the main bodies of their infantry occupied almost impregnable positions of indifference, self-righteousness, and unbelief. There stood the enemy, clearly reconnoitred, always threatening, always advancing for the destruction or capture of human souls, which he slew or enslaved to his service. "Follow me," cried General Booth, "and dethrone the Devil!" It was no wonder that something in every brave and fighting heart vibrated to that trumpet call.

His power lay also in his refusal to despair of any living soul. He would not strain God's mercy or discriminate in favor of the deserving case. "Come, drunk or sober," was his invitation, and to him neither rich nor poor, neither swindler, bully, prostitute, nor gaol-bird was too abandoned to be saved. At some conference a Bishop said, "All who belong to this diocese will come with me"; another Bishop said, "All who belong to that diocese will come with me"; but the Salvation Army man said, "All you chaps who belong to nobody, come along!" Salvation was for all the world; in every heart some capacity for holiness still remained, and it was often found that the more criminal, destitute, and despised the heart might be, the more readily it responded to the appeal, and the more convincingly it appealed in turn to its fellows when the change had come. Psychologists readily explain this phenomenon. They attribute crimes and conversions alike to the susceptibility of certain glands, nerve centres, and other tissues. "That does not matter," the General might have replied; "come and be

saved—glands, nerve-centres, tissues, and all. The only thing that counts is salvation."

All could be saved, and no words could express the value of each immortal soul. It is a common Fleet Street story how, at one great Albert Hall meeting, the General fixed his eye upon a reporter and asked, searchingly, "Are you saved?" to which the man, with natural modesty, replied, "Please, sir, I'm a reporter." But to the General even a reporter had a soul destined to eternal happiness or woe according to his faith and life. Coupled with the passionate enthusiasm that inspires forlorn hopes to rush upon the enemy's stronghold, this conviction of each single soul's inestimable importance and undying capacity for goodness has been throughout the secret of the General and his Army. This is the inspiring faith which has enabled them to face savage persecution at the hands of vice, respectability, and magistrates alike. It was this that enabled them to face the far more dangerous foes of ridicule, and of the culture that sneered at "sanctified buffoonery." Supported by this faith, "Happy Eliza" and "Jump-to-Glory Jane" could confront the hosts of Midian on Sheffield streets or Eastbourne beach, clashing their tambourines, and uniformed in peculiar bonnets, while their songs and prayers were drowned in the yells and jeers, the stone-throwing and violent assaults, of a decently religious population, supported by all the terrors of the law. Upheld by that inspiration, the illiterate burglar and converted booky remained indifferent to the scorn with which professors waved aside their "Corybantic Christianity."

Under persecution and denunciation or ridicule, the movement flourished. It is difficult to realise that only thirty-five years have passed since the very name of "Salvation Army" was discovered. Now, as a new religious Order of men and women, combined and equal in authority, it has extended throughout the world, and only in Russia are its labors not tolerated or welcomed. General Booth lived to see the acceptance and prosperity which are so much more dangerous to a spiritual movement than martyrdom and death. No one can say what future lies before the Army now that its violent enemies have ceased to trouble it, and the dominant personality of the Commander-in-Chief is removed. Under the General's natural successor or a trusted body of officers, the Army may continue to advance. If its efforts are relaxed, it will not be for want of an enemy to fight; for, though its methods may now be regarded with the indifference of habit, the main forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil, have hardly budged, and the subsidiary forces of poverty, misery, and disease, however craftily we may manœuvre against them, are repeatedly obeying the command of "As you were!" There is always plenty still to fight, and even "Darkest England" is not radiant, nor has that "way out" yet been found. But whatever contest may await the Army and ourselves, we have in General Booth the encouragement of a true and typical Latter-Day Saint, who has proved by his example how great an achievement is still possible to ungrudging devotion and an unyielding appeal to the spiritual nature of man.

## Life and Letters.

### SOME FORGOTTEN RADICALS.

DR. HOLLAND ROSE has said of Burke's momentous manifesto against the spirit and genius of revolution that it will ever be the political Book of Proverbs for the English people. It is one of the penalties that the beaten schools of the revolutionary period paid for their failure in a very unequal struggle that their contributions to discussion, the ideas that they preached, and the remedies they urged, have all been overwhelmed beneath the fame of the book which the governing class took for its Bible. This is unfortunate, not only for the writers, who deserved to be remembered, but also for the society that might have profited by their criticisms. Political economy, for example, was the monopoly of schools of extreme individualists for more than half a century after Burke's death, and yet at the very beginning of that time there were English writers who were emphasising facts and truths and aspects that were neglected in the fatalist theories that became omnipotent. Oddly enough, the debt owing to these forgotten economists was first paid by a foreigner. This was Dr. Menger, of Vienna, whose book on the "Right to the Whole Produce of Labor" assigns great importance to the early English Socialist School. Professor Foxwell pointed out in a very interesting introduction to the English translation of Dr. Menger's book that the work of this little English school—men like Godwin, Hall, Thompson, Gray, Hodgskin, and Bray—was of first-rate significance in the history of Socialism, and he argued that every serious student of the social question should make a critical examination of their teaching. Dr. Menger observed in the preface to the second German edition that his determination to trace back Socialist theories in all cases to their originators had given a great deal of pain in influential circles, but he was glad to pay a tardy debt to those "who at a time when Socialist ideas aroused so little interest, bore in their lives, besides other persecutions, the grief of being unappreciated and forgotten." This was his answer to those who resented his giving the credit to English and French economists for the theories of Rodbertus and Marx.

The truth is that at a time of social, political, and religious convulsion every kind of institution comes under discussion, and an unusual energy of mind and fancy plays on all the difficulties and problems of human life. Such a period is, therefore, very fruitful in schemes and philosophies. The generation of Englishmen that watched the great revolutionary struggle with hope or fear or disillusionment actually achieved very little in the way of constructive policy; but it was not from want of advice or suggestion, given either in the form of persuasion or of threat. We can see how wide a range was covered by the debates of the day from a study of a very interesting book on British Radicalism, which has just been added to the Library of the Publications of the Columbia University ("British Radicalism, 1791-1797." By W. P. Hall). Take, for example, the writings of Burke's most redoubtable opponent. Among other suggestions made by Paine, there are at least two that have a strangely topical interest at this moment. One was a scheme of social reform, embracing popular education, State employment and lodging-houses, dowries for men and women on reaching twenty-one, and a proposal for old-age pensions—£10 a year on reaching the age of fifty. These schemes were to be financed by taxing the estates of those who left heirs of their blood 10 per cent., and of those who did not leave such heirs 20 per cent., and by levying a progressive income-tax. This taxation, Paine believed, would act as a solvent of the great estates. The other proposal dealt with a problem of a different kind that has not yet been solved. Paine proposed a treaty between England, France, the United States, and Holland. Each of these Powers was to reduce its naval establishment by a half; no new ships were to be built by any one of them, and they were to see that no warships were built by other nations. "If men will permit themselves to think as rational beings ought to think, nothing



can appear more ridiculous and absurd . . . than to be at the expense of building navies, filling them with men, and then hauling them out into the ocean to see which can sink each other the fastest."

Paine was not, of course, the only reformer who had his eye on the land question. William Hodgson, who went to prison for referring to George the Third as a German hog butcher, wanted national workshops and old-age pensions, with a single tax on land of 4d. per acre. The revenue from this tax, he argued, would more than provide for the expenses of Government. Spence is more famous—Thomas Spence who used to scatter medals from his shop-window bearing on one side, "Spence's Glorious Plan is Parochial Partnership without Private Landlordism," and on the other, "This Plan will Produce Everlasting Peace and Happiness, or, in fact, the Millennium." Spence's idea was that a law should be passed empowering the inhabitants of each parish to meet on an appointed day, and take possession of "their long-lost right to the soil." The parish was to be the rent receiver. Part of the rent was to be passed on to the national Government in lieu of general taxation, the rest was to be used by the parish for a constructive policy of social reform, and the development of agriculture and trade. Spence first set out this scheme in a lecture for the edification of the Philosophical Society of Newcastle, who showed their sympathy by expelling him. Afterwards he was continually republishing it from his shop, named "The Hive of Liberty," and, like most enterprising and original spirits of his time, he saw the inside of a gaol for his pains. During those years, too, another proposal that is of significance and interest to-day was one for a minimum wage for agriculture, made in the House of Commons by Whitbread.

But, of course, the main energies and hopes of Radicalism were directed to Parliamentary reform. Mr. Hall thinks it was the chief weakness of the Radicals that they did not, as a rule, appreciate the economic and social problems of their time, and that they thought that Parliamentary Reform was a panacea. The illusion might be excused in men and women who had seen all power concentrated in the hands of the small class that controlled Parliament, and who hastily, but not unnaturally, concluded that if other classes came to share that control they would succeed to the same power over the life of society. Parliamentary reform, of course, meant very different things to different people. The Revolution Society, for example, was described by one of its members in language that would have been suitable for the Liberal League. This member said of it that it was composed of "all gentlemen who wished well to the principles of the Revolution. To them a general invitation is issued to dine at a London tavern, where, for seven shillings and sixpence, they may get as good a dinner and as much sherry punch and port as they like, and leave well contented with their country." The term Revolution had a convenient ambiguity, for if the French Revolution sent the nobles to the guillotine, there had been an English Revolution that had established them in power. If the reform propaganda had been confined to the dinner-table of the Revolution Society, the Treason and Sedition Bills would not have been needed, nor would they have had any effect. No law and no magistrate could have prevented the Duke of Bedford from enjoying his punch, and the worst that the Tories could do with the Duke of Norfolk was to strike his name off the Privy Council. The handful of aristocrats who opposed the Government had spirit and courage enough for anything, but it was the movement of ideas among men and women of other classes that really frightened Pitt and his colleagues. That movement produced all the types that are associated with violent enthusiasms, eccentricities, vanities, jealousies, and heroisms. No set of persons, perhaps, has received such inadequate acknowledgment from history. Among them a noble place must be given to Mary Wollstonecraft, of whose book on "Woman's Rights" Hannah More (whose name reminds us that if one of the best politicians of the day was a woman, a woman was also one of the worst) declared, "There is something absurd and fantastic about the very title." Mary Wollstonecraft, who described the rich women of

her time as "confined in cages, like a fattened race, they have nothing to do but plume themselves, and move with mock majesty from perch to perch," summed up the legal position of women in one sentence: "The laws respecting women make an absurd unit of a man and his wife, and then, by the easy transition of considering him the only responsible being, she is reduced to nearly a cipher."

#### THE WORLD'S WASH.

GERMAN life is developing almost as fast as the German navy. In passing through the country, one may notice the extraordinary change from year to year—the multiplying wealth, the increasing elegance, the glimmers of urbanity—so that, after twenty years or more, it is impossible to say whether the most established social habit remains, and one looks with curiosity to see if the students still drink beer. All may have changed, but when the present writer lived in a Professor's family at a German University, every spring brought a ceremony as regular and almost as sacred as the Christmas-tree. It was called "the Great Wash," and it consisted in dragging forth all the household linen and clothing that had lain accumulating during winter in a specially constructed loft, boiling it in huge vats, and spreading it out upon "the drying ground," where the university idiot was employed at a low wage to preserve it from thieves and geese. That was a great day, or rather a great week, and the Professor's wife plunged about in the midst of the chaos like a Valkyrie let loose upon the battle. But in the end, she always returned in triumph, bringing her spoils with her, and as she counted the clean and neatly folded sheets and garments, she would quote from Schiller's "Bell"—"And see, not a single darling head is missing!"

How one wishes that, with similar simplicity, some Garagantuan wife could wash the dirty linen of the world, once in ten years, or even once a century! No matter how big her boiling vats nor how bravely she plunged about, it would take her the best part of a year; but what gratitude her exertions would earn when at last the things were clean, and we could go forward again with decency and self-respect! We need not give the washing-list: we all know the horrid items it would contain—the Putumayo, our Russian alliance, the state of the Balkans, and so on. But here is Mr. Havelock Ellis proposing a wash on a still more stupendous scale—a wash that would cleanse humanity from top to toe. He calls it "The Task of Social Hygiene," and Messrs. Constable publish his proposed washing-list in a stoutish volume. By Social Hygiene he means a great big wash of a dirty world, and nothing else; or, as he puts it in his scientific manner:—

"All social hygiene, in its fullest sense, is but an increasingly complex and extended method of purification—the purification of the conditions of life by sound legislation, the purification of our own minds by better knowledge, the purification of our hearts by a growing sense of responsibility, the purification of the race itself by an enlightened eugenics, consciously aiding Nature in her manifest effort to embody new ideals of life."

Purification of human conditions, of the mind, of the heart, and of the race itself—that is evidently a large undertaking, for the present state of the objects thus to be purified is far from savory. Consider the squalor of our cities, the degradation of our country people, the exploitation of feeble races, the steady reduction of the workers in all lands to the position of animated implements for service. Mr. Ellis continues:—

"Poets and prophets, from Jesus and Paul to Novalis and Whitman, have seen the divine possibilities of Man. There is no temple in the world, they seem to say, so great as the human body; he comes in contact with Heaven, they declare, who touches a human person. But these human things, made to be gods, have snawned like frogs over all the earth. Everywhere they have beslimed its purity and befouled its beauty, darkening the very sunshine. Heaped upon one another in evil masses, preying upon one another as no other creature has ever preyed upon its kind, they have become a festering heap which all the oceans in vain lave with their antiseptic waters, and all the winds of heaven cannot purify."

It is interesting to see the methods by which Mr. Ellis would propose the cleaning up of the mess



into which mankind has somehow got itself. His book takes four chief lines of change or purification to be considered—women, war, religion, and the supposed opposition between the man and the community, or individualism and socialism. It is significant of our time that, whereas he gives one of his twelve chapters to war, one to religion, one to socialism, one to the subordinate question of an international language, and one to a general statement of his problem, he gives the remaining seven to the position of women and the questions with which women are most intimately connected.

Not that he excludes women and their interests from the other chapters. In civilised countries, the problems of war, religion, language, and state-control affect one half of the population as much as the other. It is only from citizenship that a section of our Liberal representatives wishes to exclude that half whose interests are shown by Mr. Ellis to be so deeply involved in all the great questions before the modern world, and on this point Mr. Ellis is far from agreeing with the view of this minority. He has long perceived that under a constitution aiming at some degree of democratic freedom, it is impossible to continue passing laws in which one half of the people intimately affected by legislation have no voice. He quotes Madame Roland's trenchant saying—a tragic saying, too, when we remember her fate—"Having the right to ascend the scaffold, women must also have the right to ascend the tribune." And it is remarkable that his first chapter upon the subject was written twenty-four years ago—at a time when the hope of women's freedom in this country appeared lowest, since they had been flung overboard in the last Reform Bill "to lighten the ship"—and the chapter, published here without alteration, regards women's franchise as a certainty in the near future.

Mr. Ellis, to be sure, does not regard the vote as a final end and aim in itself. No real advocate of democracy, whether for men or women, does that. For women, as for men, the franchise is above all an assurance of dignity, a mark of personality, an incentive to share in the problems and responsibilities of national and common life. As Mr. Ellis says in another chapter quite recently written, "it has been the aim of the woman's movement to secure woman's claims as a human being rather than as woman." To Mr. Ellis himself, whose eye is fixed on the purification of the race, her claim to share in legislation as woman is at least equally important, and perhaps even more essential for human well-being. As he writes in the same chapter:—

"The full fruition of that movement means that women, by virtue of their supremacy in this matter (i.e., the purification of the race) shall take their proper share in legislation for life, not as mere sexless human beings, but as women, and in accordance with the essential laws of their own nature as women."

It would be difficult to state the two sides of the present woman's movement—the claim to personality and the claim to share in solving the problems of our national life—more clearly or with greater sympathy. Nor, as Mr. Ellis shows, are these claims antagonistic or separate. As in the right of citizenship that men have won, the claims fulfil each other, and merge into one.

All this, as the natural basis of future purification in any country that pretends to freedom, naturally leads the social investigator on to all the vital questions with which woman's position is so inextricably connected—the emotional form that emancipation appears to be taking in Germany and kindred countries; the real meaning of chivalry, and the dangers of that medieval survival as at present understood (an excellent passage); the true purport of eugenics, and how far the race may be improved without compulsory legislation or national stock-breeding; the many connections between health and sex; the problem of immorality and the law; the advantages and dangers of the falling birth-rate now prevalent in all civilised countries; and the likelihood of great development on the higher sides of emotion. The question of a child's religion is usually regarded also as falling specially within the woman's sphere. An international language, the rights of the individual in

society, and the general course of progress obviously concern men and women equally. So that nothing but war is left as a problem for man alone, and war can only be so regarded because we in England have never yet seen war encamped in our back gardens, messing in our suburban dining-rooms, and throwing random shells through our nursery windows.

But, in spite of our ignorance of war's real meaning, Mr. Ellis thinks that in England as in France the militarist spirit is dying out. "The English (except sometimes when they happen to be journalists)," he says, "cannot now be described as a warlike people." Nevertheless, he is compelled to admit that the shameful acts of European aggression and treachery during the last few years make all appeals to reason and justice appear absurd. Obviously, the work of purification now lying before the science of Social Hygiene is still enough to occupy the world, nor does Mr. Ellis imagine that a period of absolute and final perfection will ever be reached. "There will never be any more perfection than there is now," said Whitman, and Mr. Ellis quotes the saying with approval. What we call progress is always accompanied by a certain loss. "Our anthropoid ancestors rose to the erect position; that was 'progress,' and it gained us the use of hands; but it lost us our tails." The world, as Heraclitus said, is a living fire, and we can look forward to no stagnant immobility of a general perfection. In our hearts we doubt if human beings really desire any such thing. It is the struggle after self-fulfilment that engages our interest rather than the expectation of pleasure in an effortless and uninterrupted ease, and most of us would prefer even the human pigsty as it is to the sweetest pig's paradise that we could imagine. But when the worst has been said, it still remains to the immortal credit of mankind that they will never lie down and rest content, but impelled by progressive desire, and torn by indignation at the sorrow and foulness of their race, they fight their way continually onward, always inspired by the hope of seeing (in Mr. Ellis's words) "man on the earth risen to his full stature, healthy in body, noble in spirit, beautiful in both alike, moving spaciously and harmoniously among his fellows in the great world of Nature, to which he is so subtly adapted because he has himself sprung out of it and is its most exquisite flower." From that vision of the soul's hygiene we are still far enough removed to leave room for incalculable effort towards its realisation, and, as we said at the beginning, the purifying task is, indeed, worthy of a Garagantuan washerwoman working her hardest with every appliance that goodwill and knowledge can suggest.

#### ON OLD-WORLD PLACES.

It is hard to define or analyse the enchantment of the past. All people feel it more or less, and there are day-dreamers who from childhood have been held in thrall by its spell and fascination. There are places the very names of which evoke all kinds of old-world pictures. When one says "old-world," one means a world which has become part of history, something which has a certain remoteness, which is, after all, a story, a tale that is told, to which we listen dispassionately, however much it touches and thrills us. The past need not be a distant one to enthrall and bewitch. As the near years recede, they become fair to the dreamer, and one can imagine living to a day when the date 1860 will have put on all the hues and colors of romance. This date, by the way, is the earliest stamped on the bronze coins in current use, and may be looked upon as the actual limit of the Present. Everything before 1860 is the Past. There go the stage coaches on the old high roads, and there is still all about us the rumor of the Napoleonic wars. With the stories of the "French prisoners" in English seaport towns, one is really back in the wonder-world of history. We remember hearing from our grandparents of "going to see the French prisoners," of their talking their shrill jargon, their appealing for snuff and tobacco, their carving crucifixes and making soup.

Then, for the particular incident or scene, the mind makes a whole setting. We are "going to see the French prisoners," say, in the good town of Rye, on some bright morning of the year 1800, with the sunshine gilding the weathercock, and the bellman ringing in the street, and the children, loosed from school, playing hopscotch, and gazing into Mrs. Saviour's, the pastrycook's window.

But from the longer past one may call up still more alluring scenes. The name of some Queen of those far days, say, Blanche of Castille, becomes a starting-point from which we are led on by rapid stages to a mental picture of a rich merchant's house in Plantagenet England—an old stone house, with a garden sloping down to the river—in which a Castilian lady is a guest, la Señorita Maravillas y Montes, who dazzles the children with her eyes and her smile, her lace and her pearls, her mantilla and her fan, and clicks the castanets and dances a fandango to the wide-eyed wonder of Richard and Roland and Humfrey and Margaret.

The places which form the fittest settings for such dream-pictures are to be found, no doubt, in foreign lands, or in Southern and Western England. It is by Severn side that one sits with Simon the Cellarer and Old Marjory, eating a lamprey pie. The black and white timbered houses of the Western shires are full of romances. Mr. Allan Fea, however, in his new book, "Old-World Places" (Nash), takes us, not to the West or the South, but to Fenland and Middle England. Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Leicestershire, and the like are not usually thought of as fields of romance. But these level lands are not without a strange charm of their own, and we ourselves confess that from our earliest childhood the very names, for instance, of Peterborough, Crowland, Ely, have filled us with dreams. A big illustrated "History of England," in many volumes, was almost our first picture book. In the long winter evenings we gazed on pictures of Norman arches, town gates, church towers with clock-faces telling the hours of old long-vanished days, and vanes which we saw gilded with the sunshine of old mornings. In our earliest mental picture we saw Fenland wrapped in white frosty mist, through which shone a great red autumn sun. All the misty air was full of the chiming of bells. Bell-ringing, indeed, is a perfect passion in the Fens. One sees this in the continually recurring signs of little wayside inns—"The Ring of Bells," "The Ringers' Arms," "The Five Bells," "The Six Bells."

Lincolnshire was the country of the great Abbeys, and is still studded with the magnificent churches which the monks of these foundations built in their continual efforts to outvie each other. The churches, for instance, all along a line from Spalding to Lynn, and in the country round about, are wonderful fragments still surviving from a vanished world. We were once told by a Socialist railway clerk that his idea of Paradise was to sit in one of these churches on a warm still day and read William Morris. We find it hard to decide which is our favorite among them. There is the immense pile of Terrington—we think the finest exterior—Walsoken, the most medieval of all interiors known to us, with its gorgeous Seven Sacrament font and its statues of the saints still standing in their niches, Gedney with its magnificent clerestory of Perpendicular windows, Fleet with its belfry standing apart like an Italian campanile, Long Sutton where the spire shines like silver, Walpole St. Peter's, "the Cathedral of the Fens," a perfect dream of spacious magnificence, of which the altar raised on many steps hangs like a bridge over the high road which runs through the church—these all rising out of the remote, silent, level Fen country most truly give the impression of being "old-world places." The spot that perhaps most of all deserves this epithet is Crowland. This is indeed a place of dreams. As Mr. Fea says, the stone triangular bridge, under which three streams once ran, and which was surmounted by a lofty Cross, is unique in Europe. It was a symbol of the Trinity. The strange battered figure standing upon it, which Mr. Fea describes as "King Ethelbert holding a loaf," is, in the writer's opinion, no doubt a representa-

tion of Our Lord in Majesty, holding in His Hand the globe of the world. The air of quietude hanging over Crowland is intense. It is surely "the town for easy livers, the quietest under the sun."

Another old-world place, also in Fenland, is Castle Rising. By the way, how beautiful the name is! This, one need not say, was the prison place of Queen Isabella, the wife of the murdered Edward II. She passed there twenty-seven long years. The ruined castle to-day seems full of ghosts. The mind gets back to some dreary day of her captivity six hundred years ago, and pictures little details. The wind shakes the arras, and her ladies shriek—Lady Alice, Lady Louise—as a mouse runs across the floor of the Queen's chamber. The King, her son, came sometimes to see her and to play, with her and her ladies, the new game of cards just brought from France. One likes to think of this kindly invention soothing the troubled hours, as of the mad King in Paris, so of this Gascon princess prisoned in the Fens.

Mr. Fea has much to tell, not only of old-world castles and churches, but also of old-world inns. He speaks of one that is, alas! in all senses, a thing of the past—the "Blue Boar" at Leicester, where King Richard III. slept on his way to Bosworth Field. It was pulled down in 1829—a date, according to our definition, outside the limits of the present. We mention it here because we were reminded of our own childish enchantment and wonder at a story which he tells. It is that of the discovery, in the eighteenth century, of a hoard of gold angels and nobles hidden in a sort of chest fitted into the King's camp-bed. Its existence was revealed by one of these coins accidentally falling to the floor. We cried out as we saw with our mind's eye the eighteenth-century sunshine gild the fifteenth-century coin. It seemed part of a treasure-trove with which one could buy and possess the Past. It would be to this bed that the ghosts came—the shadows that struck such terror to the soul of Richard. Over the big history books, and over Shakespeare's plays, over all the Edwards and the Richards, the writer learned to dream of those old times. He knows not with what strange transfiguring light the Past invested King Richard's bedstead and the shining golden hoard.

At the extremity of Lincolnshire, on the borders of Rutland and Northampton, lies the beautiful and ancient town of Stamford. This is indeed a dream-city, an old-world place. It is a city of inns and churches. Sir Walter Scott used always to raise his hat to salute St Mary's, as he saw its tower from the top of the coach. So would we gladly do to the "George," as we see its great sign stretching all across the road. We spent the hottest and stillest day of this year, walking about the quiet streets of Stamford, and telling the towers thereof. All that day we lived in the Past.

#### THE COUNTRY MUDDLE.

Truth, which is stranger than fiction, may be not less melodramatic. At any rate, we have in truth a grizzled man, with sailor's kit in his hand, travelling the lonely high road. At the Roman Camp he enters a high plateau, from which he has a great tidal valley at his feet, not less than three thousand square miles in actual view, sixteen times the area of London, with a population less than a single London parish. The Romans saw a country scarcely less deserted when their sentinels manned these earthworks. The road that the grizzled sailor marches is five miles long. He meets one woman with a little boy at her hand, and passes only three cottages and a farm-house. Every acre of vacant land has a thousand behind it, for this is England in the twentieth century. Then he takes a tributary lane down which he hastens his steps a little, for he is revisiting his old home after an absence of twenty-five years. Down there by the ash coppice, cut and regrown since he left it, the blue smoke should be coming up. But the fire is out, and the delicate ash fronds have the sky all to themselves. A turn of the lane reveals the cottage only in its bones, two bare gabled walls with a filigree of stone sagging to the old door posts.



The schoolmaster of a neighboring parish is botanising in the long-deserted garden, and he rises from his labor to catch the sailor's wonder at so much change in the changeless countryside. He makes the parody in his mind, "There is no change but loss," and proceeds to give his well-worn reason for the smokeless hearth. Some twenty years ago, Parliament in its wisdom put a bounty on idle land by allowing its occupiers to pay rates on only half the assessment. The deficit to the rural exchequer would be made up by those who had been so misguided as to spend thought and money on the equipment of their land with houses, sheds, and other improvements. Thus, if a man had land with a cottage on it, the rates went up, whereas if his land had no cottage, the rates went down. The natural worry of improving land being always something to be overcome, this slight frown of the law was sufficient to complete the ruin of this and thousands of cottages whose repair-bill encroached a little on the rent. As long as the rafters held, well and good. A man might bring up his family there and pay his trifling rent. But if the elements cared to crumble the bones further, they must do so. Thanks to the bounty, the rent of the bare acres went up by more than the rent lost on a cottage out of action. The farmer, it is true, was pinched by a fresh shortage of labor, but he met the new situation by laying down more fields to grass, or else the landlord put a little more under pheasants. So the wonderful system of a bounty in aid of agriculture, declared with hands on hearts not to be intended to help merely the landlords, became a penalty on culture, a premium on pheasants, and an accelerator of the migration to the towns.

None of these facts surprised the sailor. They represent the eternal posture of the rural mind towards the land problem. The very first postulate of that problem is that the landlord should live. If the demands on his income become greater, still he must live, and the greater income must be the first charge on the land. If he ceases to spend his income in the neighborhood, preferring to squander it abroad, still he must live, and the land must pay what is virtually a higher rent, though it may stand at the old figure. A fall in rent, owing to the cheapening of wheat, cannot be tolerated; it must be taken off the farmer's profit. Reduction of rates expressly designed to help the farmer belongs to the landlord; even the tenant's improvements are considered a legitimate instrument for raising his rent.

It is true that these extreme *droits de Seigneur* are realised with great and increasing difficulty, and that their full value has permanently shrunk. Lord Lansdowne, speaking for the Conservative Party the other day, deplored the fact that land-owning was no longer profitable, and urged that small-holders should take over the burden. Freehold being such as it is, Lord Lansdowne's belief that it would be preferred to tenancy may be justified, but if the tenant is to have (as in all equity he should) the right to his own improvements, there is no reason in the world why he should desire to curtail his working capital by taking up the ownership. We remember reading long ago in a book of agriculture a conversation between a landlord and his tenant. "How well my land is looking," said the landlord. "Not your land, my lord," replied the tenant. "The subsoil is yours, but the topsoil is mine." That utopian state of affairs has been more or less realised in the Evesham Valley, where, almost alone, intensive culture pays. It has also been brought within the reach of holders all over the country by the newly invigorated Small Holdings Acts. If the Conservatives wish to force ownership on the small holder, they must first, as in Ireland, differentiate between the value that is already in justice the tenant's, and not to be bought by him, and the value that is the landlord's. "What every migrant wants," says Mr. F. E. Green, in his new book, "The Awakening of England" (Nelson), "is not so much a parchment deed entitling him to the sole ownership of a holding, as to know the extent of his annual payment." He wants to be assured that his profits will not be for ever nibbled at by what is, by a forced euphemism, called "rent."

If the laborer must come after the landlord and

after the farmer, it is not surprising that his lot is a poor one. In a world of rising expenditure he is left stranded on the wage of a far simpler time. He cannot even begin by finding a roof to cover him. The best cottages have been taken by wealthy week-end visitors, others have tumbled down, and building by-laws that might have been framed in China, so little touch have they with economic actuality, prevent the erection of new ones. Even if he takes the perfectly logical course of living in a tent, he is prosecuted and put in prison. Mr. Green is not wholeheartedly against the building laws, and is even in favor of ornament, which must necessarily cost money. He is tempted by the example of Ireland, where forty thousand cottages have been built and let by local authorities at an absurdly uneconomic rent. The farmer pays the rate of the sinking-fund rather gladly because the cottages keep in the neighborhood a supply of cheap labor. It is cheaper or more pleasant than paying the laborer more, and thus enabling him to pay an economic rent for a decent house.

The signs of an awakening England found by Mr. Green are far scattered, and, except to the eye of faith, somewhat meagre. At Evesham, a fair custom of tenant right has made a garden that is world-famous; in Jersey, in spite of almost full confiscation of the fruits of industry, extraordinary labor produces wonders; at Verwood, an unusual landlord allows a very poor soil to support a thriving community. Here and there, as at Street, in Somerset, co-operation has done wonders, and co-partnership tenantry, applied to farming at Wayford in Norfolk, promises something.

The Small Holdings Act gets slowly to work—there are still 130,000 acres applied for and not found. The Development Fund has not begun to stir agriculture as it has in America, Denmark, and other countries. The horse grants are notorious, being far more like a war subsidy or even a fox-hunting bounty than a grant in aid of agriculture. Our agricultural colleges continue to receive State endowment, but are not in the least democratised. The land hunger is not being properly used as an absorbent of the new ideas that can alone make the holdings fully productive. If State oil is to be the regenerator of British agriculture, it must be applied by masters of the machine to the exact parts that need lubrication.

## Short Studies.

### MRS. COWLIN'S MOTHER.

SUNDAY morning, and the one great meal of the week preparing! Mrs. Cowlin, at the sink, was washing her best saucepan. She wiped it and looked anxiously inside. She held it up to the light to see if the tiny hole she discovered last week had got any worse. It seemed about the same, so she tenderly placed the pot upside down on the shelf, and went on with what she was saying before the examination took place.

"Wotever's put that in yer 'ed?"

"I do' know," said her mother, clumsily.

"Well, goodness me, don't go 'arpin' on bein' a burden wen you ain't no sich thing, and you knows it," said Mrs. Cowlin, swishing Joey's old shirt viciously round the sink.

"If I'm spared three years more, I'll be seventy," said her mother; "but I doubt I won't be."

"Took sudden at sixty-nine an' a arf—that's wot you'll be," said Mrs. Cowlin, jocosely. "On me soul, if yer ses another word I'll tell Alf."

"E say them pensions 'ad ought ter be paid sooner wen yer got a bad arm like me," said the old woman. "'Spouse it ain't no use arstin' anybody?" hopefully—"No, I didn't s'pose it was," as Mrs. Cowlin shook her head.

"There ain't no call ter take on like that," said the younger woman decidedly. "Yer wuth five bob a week ter me."



The mother shook her head. "Not wen Alf's slung out, an' 'e can stay 'ome an' look ter the kids."

"I'd a sight sooner you done it than 'im. Ow's 'e ter get another job if 'e stay 'ome all the time? 'E ain't said nothin' to yer, 'as 'e!" said Mrs. Cowlin, looking keenly at her mother.

The old woman shook her head again. "'E's all right," she said.

"Well, then, drop it," said her daughter curtly. "I makes me twelve bob a week, an' I ain't goin' ter be stuck fer wot I does with it!"

"Will yer be payin' the rent termorrer?" inquired her mother.

Mrs. Cowlin shoved the lid on the copper and said nothing.

The door banged. "'Ere they are!" exclaimed both women, and three minutes' bustling about produced half-a-shoulder of mutton, a cabbage, and some potatoes, which were set out neatly on a newspaper. The husband came in with three children. He did not speak, but reached for a chair, set it sideways against the table, and sat with the baby in his arms, while the two elder children were lifted, one into a high chair, and the other on to his grandmother's lap.

The mother cut the portions—two slices for Alf, a small slice for Joey, potatoes and cabbage and gravy for Lulu. The eating took no time at all. Alf fed the year-old boy on his knee with potato and gravy from his own plate, and laughed with pleasure when the child opened his mouth for more.

"'E don't 'arf like it," he said, piling in a large lump of potato.

"Mind you don't throttle 'im, givin' 'im lumps like that!" said his wife casually. "'E'll be a rare 'andful fer 'is granny ter look to termorrer if 'e gollops 'is food like that."

Alf looked up from the child. "'E'll be all right along of me termorrer," he said.

Mrs. Cowlin gathered up the plates and carried them off, while the old mother slid Joey down, and produced from the oven a suet pudding—very small—with three raisins showing. All faces lit up.

"One er mother's puddens," remarked Mrs. Cowlin with pride.

She divided the pudding—a large slice for Alf, a small slice for Joey, a tiny piece, with one of the raisins in it, for Lulu. The pudding was received into the company's hands, and eaten like cake.

"Don't you go feedin' Georgie, now!" she exclaimed, as a large piece was put in the baby's mouth—pushed in by his father's thumb.

"Shut yer jaw!" was all Alf deigned to reply, but in quite a friendly tone.

The two children having finished, Joey put his hands together and said, "Thang Gord fer me good dinner. I wants me 'at." He slid on to the floor. Lulu thumped the table and said, "Ont's me 'at," till she was released, when she staggered after Joey, who, by this time, was seated on the front door-step pushing the open door backwards and forwards against the wall.

Alf stayed playing with the baby, while the two women, eating as they went, washed up and put away the dinner things.

Next evening Mrs. Cowlin came home about nine o'clock to find Alf nursing Georgie—the kitchen fairly clean—but all the utensils in strange and unaccustomed places.

"Were's mother?" she demanded, sharply.

"Gone along ter spend a bit er time with Bob," said Alf, carelessly.

Mrs. Cowlin sat down, "Mother 'as?"

"Ain't no need on 'er 'ere with me 'ome ter do fer the kids," went on Alf in an explanatory voice.

His wife looked at him. "You ain't bin sayin' that to 'er, 'ave yer?"

"See it fer 'erself," he remarked, shortly.

"Give 'er any money?"

"Not me. She give me some ter get the kids' dinners—thruppence, it was."

"Wot I give 'er wen I went out. I paid me rent. She was that set on it."

"She'll be all right along er Bob," said Alf, soothingly. "'Ave some tea, or somethink."

"Wot time 'd she go?" asked his wife anxiously.

Alf scratched his head. "Wot on earth er you naggin' about? Wen I was out gettin' the dinners. She lef a letter like." He took a dirty piece of paper from a cup on the mantelpiece and handed it to Mrs. Cowlin. It bore in large, uneven characters, "Garn alon er bob fer few days."

"Bob don't want 'er," said Mrs. Cowlin, miserably.

"'E'll 'ave ter lump it," said Alf. "Don't you take on. Bob 'll be 'ave decent. 'Ave some tea."

But Mrs. Cowlin would not have any tea. "It's a matter er nine mile," she urged. "I spose she walked!"

"Ow 'neath 'd jexpec me ter know?" asked Alf, airily.

"I'll write 'er a postcard one 'er these days," said his wife, putting out the lamp and taking Georgie in her arms.

"It's quite right Bob 'avin' 'er a bit wen 'ee's gettin' 'ee's money regler, an' me slung out," declared Alf.

"But Bob don't want 'er, an' I'm that accustomed to 'er I'm set on 'er," pursued Mrs. Cowlin as she mounted the stairs.

A week later, Mrs. Cowlin came home to find Alf looking rather odd. "Got a job?" she inquired.

"Bob's bin 'ere," he announced.

"Ow's 'e puttin' up with mother?" asked his wife eagerly.

"She ain't never went there," he said slowly.

Mrs. Cowlin stared. "Ain't never went there! Then were 'ave she been?"

Alf fidgetted.

"Were 'ave she been?" repeated Mrs. Cowlin stupidly, pushing about the dirty plates on the table.

"Down Chelsea way, she've been," said Alf reluctantly, and waited for his wife to say more. But she only stared, and he went on, haltingly, "They found 'er bonnet with the yeller corn in it folded up all tidy on the bank, and the postcard wot Bob wrote 'er at Christmas in 'er bag"—he hesitated.

Mrs. Cowlin's mind refused to work. "Chelsea way ain't near Bob's 'ouse. 'Ow funny ter go down Chelsea way," she said.

Alf was patient. "She weren't agoin' nigh Bob's 'ouse," he explained.

"But it was wrote in 'er letter. Wotever 'ave she done?"

"Made a 'ole in the water, it looks like," he said solemnly. "They come acrost 'er stuck agin the bridge larso night."

Mrs. Cowlin sat down, trembling. "Wot for? Wotever for?" she whispered.

Alf was silent. He stood looking at her a moment, and then began to clear the table, moving less noisily than usual.

M. S. REEVES.

## Music.

### THE PROBLEM OF ERICH KORNGOLD.

THE boy Erich Wolfgang Korngold, two of whose orchestral pieces are to be given at Queen's Hall on the 29th, is the most amazing phenomenon in present-day music. Of the boy himself I know nothing more than is told us in his published scores, that he was born at Brünn on May 29th, 1897, that the music to the pantomime "Der Schneemann" was written in 1908, and that between that date and the end of 1910 he wrote also a pianoforte trio (op. 1), a pianoforte sonata in D minor, a second sonata in E major (op. 2), and a set of seven "Märchenbilder" for pianoforte (op. 3). No one who

has not seen these works can form any idea of the uncanny maturity of genius that they exhibit. We have had plenty of youthful composers before, but I can recall the name of none other who at the age of eleven or twelve was already a master of the most subtle musical idiom of his day, and had at his command a fund of ideas that the best of living composers would not disdain to possess. The strange thing about Korngold is that mentally he never seems to have had a childhood. Promising musical children generally write like promising children; one approaches their work with a certain tolerance. Practically all the great men have begun with work that was palpably immature. It took Bach and Beethoven and Wagner many years to find a style of their own; and their earliest compositions are plainly very boyish affairs. One can hardly repress a smile now as one reads through the amusingly cocky little "Festmarsch" that is Richard Strauss's opus 1; it irresistibly reminds us of a very healthy but self-assertive *gamin* showing off a little before the grown-ups. Mozart, when a child, wrote like a child. Mendelssohn turned out the beautiful "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture when he was seventeen or so, and Schubert and Hugo Wolf had both written remarkable songs at that age; while Wolf's string quartet, written at the age of nineteen, is still a marvel for the closeness of its texture and the audacity of its thinking. But there is a wide gulf between seventeen or nineteen and eleven or twelve; and Korngold's case, I think, is quite without parallel.

Anyone who picked up his scores at haphazard, and played them through without any knowledge of the composer's age, would take him to be a man of between thirty and forty, who by incessant practice of his art had attained a fine distinction of style and an imposing weight of idea. The wholly delightful "Schneemann" music is the sort of music that an adult writes for children or for those who love to become children again. Humperdinck himself could not have done it with a surer hand or an imagination more rightly tuned to the key of the thing. Humor, irony, tenderness—these are not the qualities one expects from a boy of eleven. The invention is endlessly fertile and curiously distinguished; the delicious little entr'acte waltz in D major, for example, is a wittier and more winsome thing than any of the waltzes in "Der Rosenkavalier." Here, as in his later works, Korngold's imagination is always taking the most enchantingly unexpected turns. Of the commonplaces, the sentimentalities, the laborious insistence upon the obvious, that most young composers only get rid of after years of cubbish or calf-like outpouring of themselves, there is here—or indeed anywhere else in Korngold's music—not the shadow of a trace. His mind, with its freshness, its boldness, its freedom from anything like vapors, seems to have had the superfluous emotional fat trained out of it as superfluous physical fat is trained out of the body of an athlete. It is refreshing, indeed, to see this vigorous young spirit beating its way through tracts of thought far remote from those of all but a few of the most original composers of to-day—the thinking tense, alert, and sanely passionate, the style both amazingly subtle and amazingly free. His disdain of easy courses may be seen in the slow movement of the second sonata, where he gives what appears to be shaping for a common arpeggio figure the most unexpected of turns, and proceeds to evoke from this unconventional phrase a long largo full of elevated and impassioned melancholy.

His harmonic writing is astoundingly complex, but perfectly logical and free from all obscurity or experimentation. Harmonic oddity is, of course, within the reach of anyone who chooses to force various tones to go together whether they will or no; but the result is no more complex, in the psychological sense of the term, than spilt milk or a badly cracked window-pane. Such a chord as that to which Elektra "starts" at the entrance of Chrysothemis in Strauss's opera is not complex, but merely silly. It means nothing in itself, it has no relation to anything that comes before or after, and any other discordant notes that the orchestra might take it into its head to play would do equally well. So

with a good deal of the crazy-quilt harmony that Strauss permits himself in his less responsible moments. Amateurs persist in believing that some of us hold back from certain pages in the later Strauss because our conservative minds cannot follow his original harmonic thinking. The truth is that when Strauss is talking harmonic sense, and not merely flinging a handful of notes at the score and trusting to some of them sticking, his harmonic writing, even at its most daring, is not nearly so subtle as that of a composer like Arnold Schoenberg, for example, in comparison with whom Strauss is a mere classic. Korngold's complexity is that of the better, not the worse, Strauss. His imagination often takes the most unexpected harmonic flights, but I cannot recall more than one or two passages in his work that are not coherently related to their context. If ever a composer had the logic of subtle harmonic thinking in him, it is he. He is always master of himself and his material; always comes out easily from what looks like a tangle, and so proves it to be no tangle at all. You may incidentally see his easy mastery of every sort of harmonic combination and transition in graceful trifles like the "Die Prinzessin auf der Erbse" and the "Rübezahl" from the "Märchenbilder," where he plays laughingly with one or two of the devices by which Debussy sets such store, and then throws them aside as toys that a man ought not to take too seriously. In the two Sonatas and the Trio the harmonic idiom is generally as subtle as anything that Strauss can give us, and far more subtle than the idiom of most other contemporary composers. And that the boy is no mere technician, that he has abundant and excellent ideas, is clear from every one of the works he has published. The only question is will the brain last out to ripe manhood? No one, of course, dare prophesy: but if Korngold's development is not arrested, there is no saying to what amazing heights he may reach.

Can the scientists give any explanation of this phenomenon? I take it that no one will seek to account for it by direct hereditary transmission. Too many of the great composers have come from parents of little or no musical gifts for us to need to posit even latent musical genius anywhere in Korngold's ancestry. The truth probably is that musical or any other genius is simply a particular direction given, by the presence of some tiny factor, to a brain of unusual energy and scope; that is to say, a brain like Korngold's represents no flowering of long dormant musical faculties in his ancestors, but merely a flowering and concentration of general nervous and intellectual aptitudes, that, by something we can only call chance, happen to have taken a musical rather than any other direction. But how are we to account for the *stage* at which Korngold commences his thinking, except on the supposition that the general mental acquirements of one generation are stored and may be available for drawing upon by the next? To put it concretely: Mozart and Korngold are two geniuses that begin to write music in their earliest childhood. Why does Mozart spontaneously lisp music in the simple idiom of his own day, while Korngold lisps in the complex idiom of his? It may be replied that the difference is due to Korngold having been brought up on a more advanced kind of music than Mozart. That, however, is no explanation. If the child's brain at birth is not—to put it crudely—the product of something that is in the air of the time, and therefore a more complex thing in a complex epoch than it is in a simple epoch; if the complex brain is only a lucky throw of Nature's, why could she not throw a Korngold in the seventeenth or the eighteenth century? Korngold can hardly have derived his harmonic system from the study of other composers, for in what composer's work could he have found it? It is the spontaneous product of a most subtly organised brain, that at the first span embraces practically all we know and feel to-day in the way of harmonic relation. If that brain is simply one of Nature's fortunate flings out of many millions, why could she not have had similar luck as easily in 1697 as in 1897?

ERNEST NEWMAN.



## Present-Day Problems.

### A STUDENTS' THEATRE.

ALL who take a real interest in questions relating to the theatre, and especially those who are anxious for the future of the British drama, generally have pretty well defined beliefs as to what must be done if the English theatre is ever to bear comparison with the theatres of Germany and Russia. I myself have beliefs upon the subject, and my excuse for stating them publicly is that they differ from any others which I have heard advanced, and that the conviction of their truth grows steadily upon me, as I note the changes in the theatrical world worked by the passage of years.

Many explanations are offered in the attempt to account for the poverty and ineffectiveness of our drama as a whole. And the blame so often laid upon the dramatist is, I believe, farther from the truth than any. No artist is less able to please himself in the choice of a theme and its treatment than the dramatist. For after the peculiar difficulties of his technique have been mastered, not only has the public to be satisfied; the actor has also to be suited. The art of the drama is ever dependent upon the demands of these two. Without them it can have no existence. They are the power which controls the dramatist's pen, and from them there is no escape. Accordingly, the public and the actor must be held responsible for the state of the drama at any given time, rather than the dramatist.

It is upon the public and the actor that I would lay the blame at present. They seem to be leagued together to encourage one another in certain foolish and disastrous courses, which are leading us farther and farther away from an appreciation of the drama as an art, and at the same time making any sort of theatrical enterprise an exceedingly risky affair. The burden of management is now enormous. But it is a burden caused chiefly by what I would call accessory demands. For instance, the fashion of lavish productions has been set. The public is going to see that in future it gets them; and managers are vying with one another in the matter of cost. And it is just the same with star casts. The public appears to think that the greater the number of stars in any one cast, the more it is getting for its money, and consequently demands a fair sprinkling in every play. Yet neither of these fashions touches the real question of the drama; they only serve to push that still further into the background. And, while it is not surprising that an inartistic public should make inordinate demands from a theatre which is avowedly commercial, it is surprising that managers should be short-sighted enough, even from a business point of view, to encourage these demands to grow beyond the bounds of practical fulfilment. They are thereby cutting their own throats. For one of the things the theatres will soon have to do, if they are to meet the growing competition of the music-halls, is to reduce the prices of their seats. And how is this to be done when the cost of running the theatre steadily grows?

I maintain that the theatre is in the present quandary simply because business men have captured an art, and have endeavored to corner it, as they would any trade commodity. All the present difficulties confronting theatrical managers spring from this fact. More particularly are genuine artistic experiments bound to fail so long as they are undertaken by these same business men, and conducted on their principles.

But the public and the managers are not the only offenders. A due share of blame must rest upon the actor. His relation to the drama is, or should be, quite different from their's, because he is so much more a part of it. The sins against dramatic art committed nightly by many of our players force a number of discerning playgoers to think of them as a species of traitors. And perhaps they are right. The average theatrical manager is frankly a business man. The actor, on the other hand, claims to be an artist. As a matter of fact he is often nothing of the sort; he has allowed his busi-

ness sense or his egotism to spoil his power. I fear the ambition of the majority of young people who go upon the stage is to become stars, to be able to demand stars' salaries. And yet the star is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of dramatic progress. According to his practice, the drama exists to give him the opportunity of personal triumph. Many sacrifices are made to this end. Ask a star to make the slightest personal sacrifice for the sake of the artistic effect of a play, and his indignant response will enable you to estimate his quality as an artist. To dominate the stage and to monopolise the limelight; to have all the other members of the cast at all times playing to him, no matter what the action of the play at the moment really demands—these are the star's ideals. So long as such ideals animate the efforts of members of the theatrical profession, so long as plays have to be written which provide opportunities for their realisation, so long will the English theatre be compelled to take a relatively low position among the theatres of the world.

Now it is just here that I believe the lover of the drama, as opposed to the lover of stage favorites, may see a partial solution of the problems of the theatre as he conceives them. We must have actors who are artists; actors whose ideals for the stage take precedence of their ambitions for themselves. The creation of such actors would effect a considerable step towards the desired goal of an artistic drama. But this can only be accomplished by catching the actor young, and by knocking out of him much of the nonsense which he must have unconsciously absorbed from the theatrical atmosphere of to-day. I have long desired to make the experiment by establishing a Students' Theatre in London, which would work to this end. By a Students' Theatre I do not mean a School of Acting, where all who can afford to pay the necessary fees are "taught to act," whether they have any talent for acting or not. I mean a theatre which would take its place among West End theatres, but whose company would be composed of students. Once launched, it would depend upon the patronage of the public for its success, since no fees would be accepted from students. They would, on the other hand, receive a small salary after the first year. This would leave the management free to discharge any students who proved themselves lacking in talent, or placed their personal ambition before the welfare of the theatre as a whole.

The course of training at the Students' Theatre would not be an easy one. It could not be undertaken in gloves, monacles, and picture hats, so to speak. It would be far too arduous for that. For I have always maintained that the most salutary experience for any actor is to go right through the dramatic mill; to learn every detail connected with the running of a theatre and the production of plays. In this way only is he able to acquire a complete knowledge of the conditions under which he must work, and of their relative importance. The more complete his understanding of those conditions, the more effective is he likely to be as an artist. Accordingly, anyone who was not prepared for hard work would find the atmosphere of the Students' Theatre very uncongenial. There, good work only could be done; no reputations made. Every indication of excessive personal ambition would be steadily repressed. The names of the players would not even appear upon the programmes. I should endeavor to get something of the spirit of a school team into the students; the spirit of each for all and all for each.

One of the best things about the proposed Students' Theatre is that at least youth would then get its chance. We do not encourage our young people half enough in England. They are so steadily repressed that they either leave the country, or, having lost all their fire and enthusiasm, settle down into depressed, disappointed individuals. There is a shocking waste of youthful power and initiative in this country. And years of experience cannot make up for the creative force of youth. I believe intensely in youth; not only in its glory, but in its power, especially in the realm of art. And that is one of the chief reasons why I am optimistic enough to believe that, after a few years, the Students' Theatre could



rely wholly upon the box-office support of the public. For, as the work of the students, both behind the scenes and in the "front of the house," would lessen expenses considerably, the prices of admission would be very low. I should suggest starting with Stalls at 4s.

But London is notoriously shy of new theatrical ventures; especially when it learns that any such enterprise aspires to have other results than the commonly laudable one of merely being amusing. It would therefore be impossible to expect playgoers to smile upon the Students' Theatre until they had learnt by experience that it did not exist to serve the interests of any particular set of faddists, but to present good plays by a picked company of young actors. And it would take more than two or three months to accustom the play-going public to the idea of a Students' Theatre. It might take even two or three years. The test of a few months is wholly inadequate for determining the success or failure of a theatrical experiment in conservative London.

It would, therefore, be ridiculous to attempt to found a Students' Theatre in London without considerable funds in reserve. I have sometimes thought one of the large provincial towns might extend a readier welcome to such an enterprise, because in the provinces the students would not be competing with some of the finest talent in the world. Their standard would be above that of the average touring company. But provincial audiences do undoubtedly differ from London audiences. They do not, as a rule, demand such high standards of accomplishment. And the teaching which an audience can give is, perhaps, the most valuable kind of training. So that, although the appreciation of it might be longer delayed, the Students' Theatre would certainly gain in the long run by being in London.

I have calculated that £20,000 is necessary for founding, equipping, and maintaining for two or three years a Students' Theatre in London. Though I have made many appeals, frankly, I have not received much support—theoretical support in plenty, but not much practical support. Only a short while ago I addressed appeals to eleven thousand persons resident in London. I did not receive one hundred replies. But as my conviction of the supreme services a Students' Theatre might render to the theatre and the drama grows, so my determination to advocate the scheme and to work for its accomplishment grows also. And some of the changes which I foresee in the theatrical world reassure me that my optimism is not as ill-founded as many would have me believe. It is slowly being recognised that the theatre needs something; and the more the subject is discussed the more people will come to see, I believe, that that something is a Students' Theatre, such as I have briefly sketched.

ROSINA FILIPPI.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is only thirty-four years since the Austrians (on their Emperor's birthday) occupied Sarajevo, which they found in much the same condition as Uskut is in to-day—a collection of old forts, shabby mosques, and half-ruined houses, without drains or carriage roads or railways. Old folk and officials who remember Sarajevo in the 'seventies testify to the marvellous transformation. But travellers who know the miserable towns of Macedonia can measure the distance which separates old from new Bosnia. As Macedonia now, so Bosnia under Turkey was a land where neither life nor property was secure. Robber bands roamed over the country, and plundered those who had saved something from the Turkish tax-gatherers.

That the progress of Bosnia under Austrian rule has been accompanied by a certain growth of political discontent will surprise no one who has followed the course of Anglo-Indian Government. With the excep-

tion of a handful of Spanish Jews, Bosnia and Herzegovina are inhabited exclusively by South Slavs, who speak the same language as the Servians and Croats. Under the Turkish domination, however, about a third of the inhabitants embraced Mohammedanism. Nearly a half are Orthodox (over 800,000), and a quarter Roman Catholics. Since 1878 the population has nearly doubled. The recent oppression of Croatia by the Hungarian Government has given a stimulus to the sense of Serbo-Croat unity, despite the standing difficulties of three religions and two alphabets. Leading writers and politicians in Belgrade and Agram have been fired by the idea of a great Serbo-Croat State which should embrace Serbia, Montenegro, the Serb districts of Southern Hungary, Slavonia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. One need not wonder that the idea is attractive; and those who wish to grasp its historical and political significance will find all the materials for a favorable judgment in the works of Mr. Seton Watson, our own champion of the Southern Slavs. The recent attempt by a fanatical Bosnian to assassinate M. Cuvaj, the late Ban, and the present Commissioner of Croatia (who has suspended the Diet and put an end to the freedom of the press), has made a deep impression in Vienna, and the military dictatorship in Croatia is not likely to last much longer. But the excitement has not risen to a high pitch. Even in Croatia the official class has remained perfectly loyal to the Government, and has helped to execute flagrant breaches of the law of the Constitution. And almost all the officials outside the railway staff are native Croats. Nor is the ambitious scheme of a great Serb kingdom, based on a democratic system of self-government, likely to be realised at present. The Serbs are attached to Belgrade, the Croats to Agram. The inclusion of Montenegro can hardly be called thinkable, or that of Bosnia desirable. Many eggs might be broken without producing the wished-for omelette. When the problem of Macedonia has been solved, and that hapless land rescued from civil and religious anarchy, the Serbo-Croat idea may gradually come nearer to realisation in one form or another.

If a new nation is ultimately formed, most well-wishers of the Southern Slavs will agree with Mr. Seton Watson that it should be brought within the realm of the Habsburgs. It is at least possible to imagine a triple, in place of a dual, monarchy. But, as Bismarck said, if Austria were dissolved, another Austria would have to be invented. The aged Emperor, whose birthday has just been celebrated by his German, Hungarian, Slav, and Italian subjects, has seen many strange vicissitudes and revolutions. He saw the revolution of '48. He saw Hungary conquered and held down by force for years. He was beaten by the Emperor of the French in '59, and by the King of Prussia in '66. He lost his Italian provinces and added Bosnia to the Empire. He has given the Magyars a constitution, and Austria a democratic Parliament. Amidst all the troubles and dangers at home and abroad of the last thirty years he has contrived to keep the peace. But, of all his good deeds—and they are many—that for which he deserves most praise is the administration of Bosnia; for it has brought peace and happiness into the homes of hundreds of thousands of poor peasants who had been ground down by centuries of the most cruel oppression.—Yours, &c.,

H.

Sarajevo, August 17th, 1912.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "AN ESSAY IN 'SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.'"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I can only venture to make a few remarks upon "An Essay in 'Scientific Management,'" as the article itself is actually a challenge to re-cast the relationship of employer and employed, a subject which calls for much larger treatment than the limit of a letter would provide.

There is no doubt that piecework is much the more

satisfactory way of paying for labor, and the methods set out in your article apply that system to classes of work which hitherto have fallen within the range of time-labor. Nothing can be more disastrous than a deliberate slowing-down of work below the average capacity of the men employed, in order that there may be a margin for additional labor. Lacking concentration in effort, a man's wits go wool-gathering, and he is likely to do worse work as well as less in quantity. No artificial restrictions, whether in opposition to machinery or in limitation of human effort, can be otherwise than hurtful to the whole community of which labor forms so important a part. Manufactured articles, if cheapened in construction by economy in labor, will be multiplied by the increased demand, or the money saved will go to stimulate production in other directions, and so labor benefits in both ways, a better payment for results, and a further demand for labor to meet the increased wants of the community.

As your contributor points out, there are dangers incidental to the new process. The experiments may be made with men above the average in intelligence and activity, and the strain may prove too great for the ordinary workman. It will have a tendency, no doubt, to throw out of employment the weaker man, and to anticipate the coming of old age. Many of these difficulties could, however, be met by the adoption of the contract or "butty" system, by which a body of men are paid collectively and the gross amount is divided either by a graduated arrangement amongst themselves, or by the formation of groups of well-matched men—the more efficient groups earning the highest pay, the less efficient being set to less laborious work at a proportionately lower average wage. This would relieve the employer from invidious distinctions between man and man, and would throw the responsibility upon the men themselves of forming their gangs. As you are aware, the "butty" system is already in operation upon a limited scale—not without success. I will not trespass farther upon a field so wide and fruitful of discussion.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH COMPTON-RICKETT.

100, Lancaster Gate, W., August 21st, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I doubt if Mr. Taylor's experience is of the value which Mr. Taylor attributes to it. The need for highly intelligent (what Mr. Taylor calls "scientific") management is obvious, and his observation in shovelling—both as to the kind of shovel and the amount of the load—is an interesting illustration of this.

But I doubt whether Mr. Taylor's fundamental thought is sound, or whether in the future, as intelligence and independence on the part of the workmen grow, it will be possible to carry it out. Mr. Taylor proposes to have, on the one hand, "scientific" managers, and, on the other, to have workmen moved about as pawns, working under the stimulus of large bounties. Now, in actual warfare, I suppose growing importance is attached to the intelligence and initiative of the private soldier, and less importance to the literal carrying out of orders received. What is taking place in military matters will, I believe, increasingly take place in large industrial concerns.

And, lastly, Mr. Taylor's system will not, I think, in the long run, do much to solve the larger problems in industrial society. I think it is a true instinct which makes the American trade unions look upon the system with suspicion.—Yours, &c.,

EMPLOYER.

August 21st, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In regard to the article in your issue of August 3rd on "Scientific Management," I may say that I, individually, and my house have for years been advocating and working upon this idea.

I believe that everything which is done can be done better if it has study coupled with experience, and the illustration of the shoveller in your article does its share in proving this to be true.

My house, in its editorial column in the various evening papers, has frequently referred to greater study in merchandising. It has printed leaders on "The Science of

Organisation," "The Science of Merchandising," "The Science of Advertising," &c., and it stands as a staunch advocate of doing better, and then still further perfecting every detail connected with every section and division of its business.

It must not be forgotten that merchants and men of business in London, and in England, are not competing for business among themselves only, but are being judged as to their success by the world at large, as compared with others in other countries, who are conducting the same kind of business.

If, therefore, they have in their hearts the desire to "do things better," if this spirit of "Excelsior" is greater than simply the desire to secure a competency and then stop trying to progress, then, in my judgment, it behoves them to adopt, and adopt quickly, every proved-practical idea which makes for progress, no matter where originated; to study what others are doing in other countries, and to equal, and then excel them, and never to be contented until their undertaking stands first, or among the very first.

This very practical theory of "Scientific Management" all helps to perfect business. I consider as childish sentimentalism the suggestion that it makes men mere machines, &c., &c., &c. It does nothing of the kind, but instead makes each individual man more capable and more intelligent in his work, and consequently able to earn a higher remuneration.

I have sent for a hundred copies of THE NATION of August 3rd, and shall have them handed to our managers, buyers, and others. It endorses just what we have been preaching.—Yours, &c.,

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

400, Oxford Street, London, W.

August 17th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Bondfield's letter to THE NATION of August 17th on "Scientific Management" shows only the abuse of the system set forth by Mr. Taylor in his book.

Mr. Taylor gives the warning that, unless the system is carried out with a full understanding of its principles, it is bound to fail.

He refers to a great strike—from inference the one Miss Bondfield mentions—which came as a result of this unheeded warning, the new system only being partially carried out. Mr. Taylor had foreseen the disaster, and tried to prevent it; but his advice was ignored.

Anyone reading the work must be struck by the economic and moral value of its principles. Foremost stands the necessity for careful individual training of the workman, enabling him, in most cases, to do a higher class of work than under the old management. Then there is the change in the mental attitude of the worker, consequent on such training. And, above all, there is the sympathetic co-operation of management and worker—the management taking their full share of active responsibility.

That which seems of paramount importance is the effect on the character of the worker. Apart from other considerations, it is of immense value to the worker that the work, whether executed by machine or hand, should be as well done as possible.

The effect of "soldiering"—the wilful minimising of work for various reasons—whatever may be the motive, can only be injurious. In addition to moral reasons, the worker rarely realises that a poor output increases the price of the article, and he shares in paying the high prices. High prices cause less demand for goods, therefore high prices are a factor in unemployment.

Under the "Scientific Management" system, the suggestions of the workmen are encouraged, and remuneration given when these prove successful. The good workmen are promoted to higher grades of work, and become foremen and helpers of others.

As regards wages, with those who undertake "Scientific Management" from a right motive there should be no difficulty, as the attitude of the employer is educated, as well as that of the men, and the proportion of wage to dividend would be adjusted. Mr. Taylor demands 60 per cent. to 100 per cent. increase in wages under this system.

After a reasonable dividend is paid, there is a posi-

bility of surplus money being used for the benefit of the workers.

Mr. Taylor notices that too large and sudden an increase in pay has proved detrimental to the workers, leading to slackness and deterioration. May not too big dividends also be detrimental to the character of the employers?

There will be strong opinions for and against this new system, and its abuses can be disastrous; but it is worthy of consideration as the industrial problem grows more pressing, and it is a fact that in places where "Scientific Management" has been carried out as advocated, harmony and contentment have ensued.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHEA SPINNEY.

Felden, Boxmoor, Herts.

August 19th, 1912.

#### "WANTED, AN 'EDUCATION BILL.'"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The letter you publish from "A Country Parson" shows that the enthusiasm for shutting other people's children up in schools is not confined to officials. What the children and their parents think about it does not seem to matter. Having devised a code of instruction for them, the State should see to it that they are instructed accordingly, as all other instruction is not education. No reason for absence should be valid, except certified by a doctor—at a fee, of course—or by a policeman. Mothers have no right to send their children on any errand, no matter how urgent it may appear to them, during school hours. They should send the maid. The children should be set free from the intolerable tyranny of the mother, who makes them mind the baby while she does the washing. There can be no excuse for the family failing to employ a washerwoman, except the failure spring from a desire to thwart the Insurance Act. Fathers should be taught that they must hoe their potatoes outside school hours or go without their dinner. The child must be educated; and there can be no education of any use to it that does not teach it that the School Authority is greater and wiser than its parents.

Some of those parents may say that they cannot afford to keep servants; that the care of a family implies a great deal of work, and that it is good for the children, as well as for their parents, that they should learn to be useful in the house. The sooner they are educated out of such notions the better. Let the father cease from hoeing his potatoes, and go home for his dinner. If the family budget suffers, and the children are not as well fed as they ought to be, there is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to look after them and prosecute the parents. Let the mother mind the baby and leave her washing. The Sanitary Authority may prosecute if a nuisance results. If people will have children, they must be taught to bring them up properly—and there is no teacher like the policeman.

But if they don't have children, who will go our messages, do our washing, and hoe our potatoes? We might have to do the work ourselves; and that would prevent us having time to look after education. Of course, we might prosecute childless workers, but there would be difficulties. Even as it is, they are beginning to lift their heads in rebellion, and ask, "Who made thee a ruler over us?" I think, therefore, that the proposals of "A Country Parson" need some amendment. He suggests (1) that the police should be made the attendance officers. I would add, "That they be instructed to ascertain the cause of absence, and, where it has been due to helping the family in necessary work, that they supply a substitute for the child, and see that it attends school." This might soothe and encourage the parents, and would prevent stupid people sympathising with them in the event of a prosecution. If the parents were brought into court, I would suggest that the Bench should include parents belonging to the same social class, in number at least equal to the justices. They would be in a better position to understand the case. The accused should also be provided with a solicitor of the same standing as is engaged to prosecute. This would tend to equalise things, and make the game of greater sporting interest. On these terms, I do not think there would be much objection to his point (2) "that the standard of exemption should be fourteen

at least." His third point—"that in the case of children who have attained a certain standard an extra year should be made compulsory"—might also be conceded. It would serve the children right, and would encourage those who hate school to keep below the standard, and get an early chance of beginning their education. As for his point (4) "that the County Authority should be compelled to open an evening school in every school area," I do not see that any objection would be made to it, provided attendance was not compulsory. I slept in such a school myself long ago, though I went to learn, and was not legally compelled to go. After working as long as a man, a boy requires some recreation—at least I did.

My own idea of an "Education" Bill would, I confess, be different. In it I would insist that the people who drew up the code should first show, to the satisfaction of the parents of the children in the district to which it applied, that they knew anything worth knowing regarding the social conditions that exist there; that they should show some knowledge of the character and powers of the children they professed to be able to educate; and that they should be the servants—instead of being the masters—of the representative bodies elected by the people. Personally, I think we have had more than enough of the examination of pupils, and that it is time we were examining the examiners. But, in the meantime, with the slight amendments I have suggested, I should be willing to support the proposals of "A Country Parson."—Yours, &c.,

JAS. DEVON.

6, Cathedral Square, Glasgow.

August 19th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—"A Country Parson" takes nearly a column of your space to argue that the work of enforcing school attendance should be transferred from the Education Authority to the police. May I beg your readers to take no notice of such a proposal? I am prepared to argue the matter, if necessary, or to give reasons privately to "A Country Parson" if he wishes for them; but it is, perhaps, sufficient now to say that the proposal is foolish and mischievous, and that we have already far too many ridiculous red herrings dragged across the path of the coming Education Bill.

All the grievances which "A Country Parson" expounds are but evidence that his Local Education Authority is even more defective than others; and the four remedies he proposes would have no effect, unless he also had a new Education Authority. But instead of handing educational duties to the police, he might think of improving matters at the coming County Council Election; or, if the aid of Parliament must be invoked, it would be better to ask Parliament for an authority with only educational duties to perform, and directly elected for that purpose only.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

August 21st, 1912.

#### PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The contract labor of Portuguese West Africa, referred to in your "Diary" of last week, is a larger question than generally supposed.

Though the islands of San Thomé and Príncipe have only a total population of some sixty thousand, and look mere dots on the map, they form a stage on which is being enacted two tragedies: Slavery, now happily approaching the last act, and the far more important, if less thrilling, drama of the white man's treatment of indentured labor.

San Thomé and Príncipe have a peculiar advantage for such a spectacular demonstration, because, growing an article of common diet, they have a food connection with the rich and poor of the civilised world. And a food connection is the closest of material associations. Ghosts of beaten and shackled slaves rising from our supper table are more terrible than any apparition from the rubber tyres of a car.

These islands, formerly practically unknown, have become a centre of philanthropic attention and strong political and international feeling, and have been investigated by many commissioners. Mr. Nevinston went there and



to the mainland of Angola in 1904 and 1905 to study labor conditions, and since then Dr. Claude Horton and myself, Mr. C. A. Swan, Mr. William A. Cadbury and myself, and recently the Rev. J. H. Harris and his wife have followed on similar work. The evidence thus collected evoked books, pamphlets, and countless articles in the English, American, and Portuguese press. More than this, great business firms in England, America, and the Continent, as the result of these investigations, gave up using the cocoa grown in San Thomé—conclusive proof of the validity of the charge of slavery brought against the methods of labor.

But all this was private enterprise, and though Consular reports had been sent in on Portuguese West African labor, nothing had been officially issued since the Blue Book of 1902.

Now, in August, 1912, after ten years of waiting, a Government White Book has been presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of his Majesty.

Like most White Books, it is far more interesting reading than the average novel, and, considering the size, cheaper. One passage alone is ethically worth more than a naval review:—

"On arrival at San Thomé I saw four more 'serviçaes' taken out of the ship's hospital in order to be landed in the lighters provided for them. These four men were placed on the deck without any covering, and were evidently in a dying condition. I went and found the captain, and took him to see this sight. He at once ordered mattresses to be placed under them, and they were conveyed on to the lighters and left to themselves without anyone caring for them. One man, I may state, died before he reached the shore, and the remaining three died in hospital the following day. This information I received from the doctor of the hospital himself."

Nothing could explain better than this simple statement the value of black flesh in West Africa. As the "Spectator" writes:—

"Once and for all, this White Paper explodes the fiction that contract labor in the Portuguese colonies of West Africa is not slavery. Here are the facts which we and others have asserted over and over again, set forth—of course in official language."

And yet, for all this, the document is disappointing. Considering the subject, considering the interest it has aroused, it scarcely seems possible that 117 large pages could give so little and such inadequate information to the inquirer who turns to a White Book for facts.

I stayed nearly six months in the islands in 1905. I like the Portuguese, speak their language readily, and made some fifty visits to plantations, not only to the large and prosperous ones like Agua Izé and Boa Entrada, but to the poor and struggling ones, and I unhesitatingly say that Mr. Consul Drummond Hay's descriptions of them give no idea of the truth. In the few details of the plantations that he gives, and they are very few, he is constantly incorrect. We in England know that the planters are courteous and hospitable, and that black people look very charming in clean cotton clothes. We want something more than this; we want hard, actual facts. What is the exact population of Roca, and what the proportion of men, women, and children on it? What is the mortality of adults and children? What the birth-rate?

In October, 1910, Mr. Drummond Hay visited Rio do Ouro and Boa Entrada plantations, for six days, which he says—

"enabled me thoroughly to investigate the treatment to which the 'serviçaes' from the various colonies are subjected, and from my personal observations I cannot too highly praise the treatment accorded them; they are well housed, well fed, and provided with good hospitals, which are maintained in a state of scrupulous cleanliness."

I know both plantations well, and have visited the latter three or four times. Its owner, Senr. Mendonça, is a kindly and philanthropic man, who has spent large sums of money improving labor conditions; the manager and sub-manager are exceptional men, and I shall never forget my visits to that idyllic spot. But Boa Entrada has a high mortality that has always been a riddle to me. Why does not Mr. Drummond Hay speak of this? How many children are there, and are they all taught?

Mr. Drummond Hay also visited Agua Izé, and writes that it "seems a model in every respect." Also that "the

staff of nurses made a most favorable impression in their white overalls. The mortality of this plantation is about 5 per cent."

The "Boletim Oficial" of S. Thomé gives the total mortality among the adult Angolans at Agua Izé for the years 1907-8 and 9, as 45 per cent. That is an average on this "model" plantation among the Angolan adults of 150 per thousand a year, about ten times the London death-rate.

What about the birth-rate? I am away from home and my notes, but I think that, when I was there, there were about three women to one child. What does that mean among young couples of a primitive race?

The hospital is good. It stands out as a beacon light among plantation hospitals, judging from the Portuguese report in the "Boletim Oficial."

Mr. Drummond Hay visited Rio do Ouro, and writes that "the death-rate is about 5 per cent.," the same smooth phrase used for Agua Izé. But I should like to know the actual figures.

"A school has been established . . . boys are taught tailoring, carpentering, &c." But how many boys—what proportion of the children? Is it merely one or two clever lads who will make profitable tailors and carpenters later on?

Mr. Drummond Hay also visited "Ubabubo" (Uba Bubo), and writes: "4,000 serviçaes are employed on this plantation."

About 800 adults was the population when I was there, and a recent "Boletim Oficial" gives the population as under 1,000—not that the figures matter much; but one looks for facts in a White Book.

"The death-rate is about 3½ per cent." Probably, the actual deaths for a year worked out on the hypothetical 4,000 would give about that.

I know this plantation well, and have something approaching affection for the kind-hearted gentleman who managed it when I was there in 1905, and again in 1908. He told me, on my first visit, that the death-rate was about 10 per cent., and that about one in five of the children born survived.

"A very large hospital, also of brick, is nearly completed," writes Mr. Drummond Hay.

How well I know that hospital, and with what delight I went over it in 1905, and listened to accounts of its prospective splendors—it was to be completed in a few months! A recent "Boletim Oficial" states that it will not be completed for twenty months. But there is a working hospital, which I saw in 1905, and when I had seen it, I walked into the woods with a black child at my heels, and sat down and wished I might never see a plantation again. And the black imp sat behind me without saying a word—an emblem of the enduring patience of his long-suffering race.

It is because this White Book is of such value that one wishes it were better.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH BURTT.

Crich, Matlock.

August 22nd, 1912.

## INDIA, CHINA, AND THE OPIUM TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The House of Commons, on July 30th, the one opportunity in the year for deliberation on Indian affairs, was evidently so appalled by the magnitude of the vista opened before it, that it felt unable to enter upon details of policy. Hence but little attention was paid to the momentous subjects of opium and alcoholic liquor, introduced by Mr. Charles Roberts, supported by Sir I. Herbert Roberts and Mr. Theodore C. Taylor. Yet the real welfare of our Indian fellow-subjects, and the good name and true interests of our nation in India and the Far East, are bound up at least as truly in these subjects as in the building of Delhi, the extension of the educational system, or any other of the vast subjects which, in that crowded evening, passed, as in a moving picture, before the dazzled eyes of our legislators.

All who care for the preservation and ennobling of the races of Hindustan must view with great alarm the broadcast scattering of drink licences among them. Nor can any friend of international morality see without abhorrence the 200,000 acres of Indian soil which are still planted with poppy, and the spectacle of the Indian Government

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depleting their accumulated stocks of opium (thus reaping much revenue) by forwarding month after month large consignments of the drug to unwilling China.

As has been made clear of late, the merchants in India and China are at their wits' end to find a market for their stocks of the drug, and, failing this, they appeal to the Indian Government to stop the sales in Calcutta.

Now, what reasons induce the Government, in face of the appeals of Chinese leaders and British reformers, and even of the dealers in the drug themselves, to persist in maintaining the opium market in Calcutta, already condemned by the House of Commons, and by all the civilised Powers of the world, assembled at The Hague? The financial needs of the Indian Exchequer cannot be pleaded, for already in the past five years the revenue from opium has exceeded that estimated to be received during the whole period up to the final extinction of the traffic with China. The only argument Mr. Montagu had to offer had reference to the breaking of the law in certain provinces of China, where, in spite of the treaties, the local authorities are endeavoring to exclude opium. Looked at rightly, I believe, this condition of things is but another of the humiliations into which Great Britain has led herself through her persistence in this pernicious traffic. We have been walking in an evil path for seventy years. Gladstone warned our fathers of it at the beginning, and voices have not been lacking ever since that time, crying that this heinous sin of imposing the opium traffic on an unwilling people was certain to receive a just retribution. And now Mr. Montagu (as spokesman, be it noted, of the British Government with all its philanthropy and high principle) would have us continue to pour in opium, and claim to the last ounce the pound of flesh which we have been exacting from our luckless neighbor. Is our national reputation so good that we can afford once more to compel China by these treaty obligations (in which she has never had a free hand) to offer to her people for sale what all the world stigmatises as a noxious drug?

All true patriots must long to see this dark chapter in our national history finally closed. Let them labor earnestly to this end, bringing every possible influence to bear in Parliament and in the constituencies. Let there be no compromise. Our irreducible minimum must be, in the words of Mr. Roberts's motion, "that the connection of the Government of India with the manufacture and sale of opium for other than medical uses, will be terminated at the earliest possible date."

I write this letter, sir, as one who, in twenty years' residence among the Chinese, knows something of the unspeakable destruction, enfeeblement, and misery, which the opium drug has brought upon them.—Yours, &c.,

LEONARD WIGHAM.

(Friends' Mission, West China).

Leeds, August 17th, 1912.

### THE BULGARIAN EPIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Few can fail to read with interest the article on "The Bulgarian Epic," in your issue of August 10th. But surely all who know Servian ballad literature also must be surprised at the mention of Marko as "the Bulgarian Knight-Errant"! True it is that Marko Kraljević's fame has spread all over the Balkan Peninsula; but he lived long after the days of Bulgaria's greatest fame, and is, *par excellence*, the hero of the Servians. Does not the Servian ballad tell of the wedding of Marko's father, Vukashin the Kralj, of "white Skadar on Bojana," that is Scutari-Albania? And at Scutari the hill is still crowned by the citadel, fabled to have been first built by Vukashin and his two brothers, when they ruled Scutari as part of the Servian Empire.

Upon Durmitor, at Pilitor, in the Herzegovina (now included in Montenegro), dwelt Voyvoda Momchilo; and in the fir woods of Durmitor lies the blue-green lake from which sprang the winged steed which begot Jabuchilo, the winged horse of Momchilo. Beyond the rushing Tara lie lands still called Kraljepolje—the kraljev fields. Hither came Vukashin, who loved Momchilo's false wife—came with an army to slay Momchilo, and carry off Vidosava to be his queen.

Momchilo, runs the tale, fell, struck by lances that pierced his living heart; and as he fell he cried, "Listen to me, Kralj Vukashin! Take not my Vidosava, my faithless wife. To-day hath she betrayed me to thee. To-morrow will she betray thee to another. Take thou my sister—my faithful sister, Jevrosima. She will be a true wife to thee, and bare thee brave offspring."

"Then Vukashin called to his serving-men, and they took young Vidosava, and they bound her to four wild steeds, and they drove the steeds down the mountain, and young Vidosava was torn in pieces. And Kralj Vukashin took Jevrosima by her white hand and led her to Scutari on Bojana, and wedded her as his wife. And she bore him brave offspring—Marko and Andrija, and Marko was like unto his uncle—Voyvoda Momchilo."

From Jabuchilo sprang Marko's winged steed, Sharatz, whose footmarks may be seen everywhere—from Central Bosnia to the shores of Lake Presba, in Macedonia. Marko fought at Kosovo, and, after Kosovo, ruled in part of the district now known as Old Servia. One ballad tells how he and Milosh Obilich, the hero of Kosovo, went a-wooing the daughter of Leka Kapetan, the Albanian chieftain, near Prizren, and how she refused them both with scorn. But to all Balkan folk he has been a hero and a model—for he spent his life in slaying Turks.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DENHAM.

Cettinge, Montenegro.

August 21st, 1912.

### THE HOME RULE BILL AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of August 10th, two pleas are made: one by Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, for safeguarding Ulster commercial interests in the Home Rule Bill; the other, in your leading article, for electoral justice in Great Britain. For the latter, you advocate Proportional Representation, and I agree. But of the two issues, that raised by Mr. O'Shaughnessy is the more pressing, and with it I desire to deal as briefly as possible. I submit that Proportional Representation is the safeguard for Ulster mercantile interests, as it is for the British voter, and it has the incalculable advantage that it is democratic and in harmony with Liberal policy, as against the restricted franchise or absolute Senate proposed by Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

Apart from British prejudice against such expedients, they would be distrusted by "Ulster" in the knowledge that they could be but temporary safeguards, and Nationalists would inevitably, and properly, rebel against such artificial restrictions. What Ulster really fears is that the majority would use the party machine to crush or misrepresent her real interests. As a Nationalist, I am free to admit that Ulster's fears upon this point are not altogether groundless, though, even with the system of election proposed by the Bill, I entertain little doubt that Ulster would be an irresistible and commanding force in an Irish Parliament, were her commercial interests threatened.

But Ulster need not be asked to face the difficulties contained in the Government's present proposals. Existing party machines are the product of conditions which will disappear with Home Rule. The danger is that these machines will survive their usefulness, and tend to stereotype existing divisions. Against this danger, Proportional Representation would prove an effective safeguard. The moderate and constructive elements in Irish life—which have been excluded by rigid party machinery, operating in conditions of violent antagonism—would be enabled and attracted to resume their natural place in Parliament by the Proportional system. In every electoral area there would be a sufficient proportion of voters, now effectively disfranchised, to return one or more independent representatives. Once introduced, this element would grow at each succeeding election. Its growth would be Ulster's real security. Its exclusion would be fatal, not alone to Ulster, but to Ireland.

Will Ulster accept and value Proportional Representation as a safeguard? This question demands a careful and qualified answer. Let me say at once that I do not believe an amendment of the Bill to include the Proportional system would make it in any way acceptable to the majority of Ulster Unionists. Nor do I believe that Ulster would regard the

concession as of any substantial value as compared with the withdrawal or defeat of the Home Rule Bill. This being clear, I have no hesitation in asserting that the Bill would be much less objectionable to Ulster than without Proportional Representation.

An Irish society, of which Sir Horace Plunkett is President, and which is supported by a wide circle of Unionists, Nationalists, and Liberals, has made unexpectedly rapid progress in obtaining Ulster Unionist support for amendments in favor of electing both the Irish House of Commons and Senate with the Proportional system. Not alone in Ulster, but throughout Ireland, the movement in favor of these amendments is assuming the dimensions of a remarkable and unprecedented non-party movement of a political character.

Mr. Asquith, a few weeks ago, received a deputation, which included both prominent commercial Unionists and Labor Leaders from Belfast, as well as Nationalists from the South, and, in his reply to the case made by members of the deputation, expressed the view that Ireland offered special conditions favorable to the application of the Proportional system. Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson replied sympathetically to the same deputation. Irish Proportionalists are therefore in a position to ask THE NATION and its readers for their support of a movement which will help Liberal policy in Ireland, and secure at once for Ireland a measure of electoral justice which is desired, and cannot be long delayed, for Great Britain.

I cannot ask for space in which to show that the electoral proposals of the Bill as it stands demand radical amendment, and that Proportional Representation has many features which specially commend its adoption. I will, however, be glad to send any readers who desire it literature issued by this Society, which deals fully with these points.

—Yours, &c.,  
E. A. ASTON.  
Proportional Representation Society of Ireland.  
33, Molesworth Street, Dublin.

### THE CAUSE OF EUROPEAN UNREST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Herr Wichmann's letter in your issue of August 10th, seems to call for a brief rejoinder on two points:—

1. It should be clearly understood that French pacifists have steadfastly opposed the idea of a war of revenge, believing that "force is no remedy" even for what they regard as a crying injustice.

2. Your correspondent's refusal to discuss this injustice, involved in the annexation of an unwilling people, is no doubt prudent from the point of view which he adopts. Germany's pound of flesh was exacted under an instrument as solemnly signed and sealed as Shylock's bond. But to accuse friendly outsiders, who are as sincere well-wishers of Germany as of France, of "quickenings French Chauvinism," because they recognise obvious wrongs and suggest a remedy, is surely unreasonable; especially as the remedy is one that we have ourselves proved effectual elsewhere. Experience shows that the one antidote for the rankling sting of injustice left behind by forcible annexation, where a simple return to the *status quo ante* has become impossible, is to be found in the concession of autonomy. British Liberalism has applied this policy, and has proved its efficacy, in the cases of French Canada and Dutch South Africa, and is now applying it to Ireland. Germany's ally, Austro-Hungary, has applied it with similar effect in the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the annexation was in defiance of express treaty stipulations; and the significance of this precedent is not invalidated by the circumstance that the policy of autonomy was adopted as the only means of conciliating the rival claims of the two sections of the Dual Empire. That English Liberals should press the same policy upon the attention of thoughtful Germans is, in fact, evidence of their true friendliness.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER.

Tunbridge Wells.

### A STANDARD OF FITNESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You point out that at the Eugenic Congress there seems to have been no fixed standard of fitness. Since their

war-cry is the survival of the fittest, it should also provide a definition of fitness. The fittest are those who have best adapted themselves to their environment. In an unhealthy swamp the frog would prove himself the fittest of animals. The more highly organised a man becomes and the more capable of adapting himself to a perfect environment, the more susceptible he must also become to an evil environment, where he would go to fill the ranks of the unfit.

The man above his surroundings with increased adaptability would be as unfit as the least adaptable. Thus environment becomes a standard of fitness.

But the standard of environment is constantly shifting, and our ideals are ever changing and evolving as the world progresses. And since environment is made up of individuals, there is a constant flux of fitness between the fit and their surroundings, which makes a standard impossible.

The persecuted genius of one age becomes the prophet of the next. The frailty of human nature is such that many a gifted brain is found in a diseased body, and many a strong body holds an indifferent brain. Talented parents do not often pass on their gifts to their sons, while genius springs up in unexpected quarters.

Until we have obtained the ideal environment we cannot synchronise the survival of the fittest with the survival of the best.

Let us not forget the enormous amount of waste in Nature's methods. She is content to produce millions of seeds and young lives in order that a few fit ones shall survive. How much more wastage should go to producing the ideal man? Why grudge it? Is it not comforting to those of us who cannot be great that we may make for greatness?—Yours, &c.,

S. LE PELLEY.

Peckham, S.E.

### THE LATE MISS OCTAVIA HILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to appeal, through you, to any friends of my sister-in-law, Miss Octavia Hill, to send me any letters of hers which may be suitable for the Memoir which, at her request, I am to edit (in concert, of course, with her family)?

Allow me to take this opportunity of thanking you for the short notice in your last number. The concluding sentence of that notice struck me as specially useful.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead.  
August 22nd, 1912.

### Poetry.

#### HELAS!

Ah! little tree, that shone in May  
With glistening leaves and blossoms gay,  
How show you now the bitter air  
Of Time has stripped your branches bare?

You that I loved and praised as one  
That seemed a nursling of the sun,  
What the bleak soil, what harsh wind blew,  
Thus to deform and wither you?

Apparelled in the robe of Spring,  
You bloomed so fresh and fine a thing;  
Was that most joyous canopy  
But a disguise, my little tree?

I loved the blossoms and the green,  
And did not stoop to peer between:  
Enchanted by the sight of them,  
How should I mark the crooked stem!

SYLVIA LYND.



## Reviews.

## ENGLAND IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle. I.—L'Angleterre en 1815." Par ELIE HALÉVY. (Paris: Hachette. 15fr.)

On reading this volume one feels inclined to repeat in all seriousness Burke's half-ironical lamentation, "We cannot work like Frenchmen!" For assuredly no English writer has ever treated a portion of modern English history so comprehensively and on so colossal a scale. The present volume runs to 620 large octavo pages of rather close print, the bibliography alone covering 50 pages, and it is to be followed by three others—presumably of the same size—bringing the narrative down to 1900: Vol. II. (1815-1840), dealing with Reform; Vol. III. (1840-1865), with Free Trade; and Vol. IV. (1865-1900), with Democracy and Empire. In the preliminary survey, occupying the whole first volume, the topics treated are Politics, including Military and Naval Administration; Industry and Finance; Religion and Culture—this last falling under the three heads of Fine Art, Literature, and Science. Let us hope that the same comprehensive method will be pursued to the end, and that M. Halévy's strength will not give way under the Herculean task that he has undertaken.

If the thoroughness of the work is what we are more accustomed to associate with German scholarship, it has—at least, for those who care about the subject-matter—the interest and lucidity of an admirable French style, perfectly simple and straightforward, without metaphors, without epigrams, without exaggeration; but also never dull and never diffuse, so that, but for the copious references at the foot of every page, one might forget the trouble it must have taken to collect and digest the enormous mass of facts, "terrible as an army with banners," by which the writer's commanding generalisations are illustrated and sustained. The facts themselves are not new; in broad outline they will be known to most highly cultured English readers—Sir Spencer Walpole would probably have known them all. The originality of M. Halévy's work consists in the new interpretation that it puts on them. No less could be expected from a Frenchman who is also a philosopher; but while other French philosophers have theorised about things English, with an imperfect knowledge or a prejudiced view of what England is, M. Halévy sees closely, sees widely, and thinks for himself.

Here is an instance in point. Most foreign observers—and among them so great a critic as Taine—have a scornful Continental way of calling us unapt for ideas, industrious workers at detail, but without the genius for large generalisations. Now, M. Halévy, in express reference to this academic tradition, avers the exact contrary. Against the current prejudice that credits the English with a passion for cautious observation and respectful attention to the complex character of reality as opposed to the reasoning and generalising habits of the French, he finds in over-simplification the essential character of British thought in the nineteenth century. And this, he explains, is the note of the amateur who hates drudgery, who is always looking for short cuts to truth, and often discovers them by a happy flash of intuition (p. 552). A good deal might be said in qualification of the denial of painstaking industry to our men of science, were there space for the discussion; but it is more interesting to point out how M. Halévy explains this rather unexpected characteristic of the English genius. It is, we learn, not an innate capacity, but a product of historical antecedents, of that which makes England what she is—in fact, of the liberty that is our birthright.

Our author takes as the text of his history that famous section of "L'Esprit des Lois," in which Montesquieu offers the English constitution as the ideal of a free government to the Continental States. But Montesquieu—as he proceeds to show—was mistaken in his analysis of the institutions by which the liberty of the subject had been secured in our island. Not by establishing a perfect equilibrium between the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary powers has this triumph been achieved, nor yet by limiting each to its own exclusive sphere—for, in fact, they overlap and are

constantly becoming confused—but by so weakening the Executive that individuality and spontaneity everywhere and always escape from its control. And this weakness betrays itself, not only in the inability of government to do its proper work of maintaining order, but also in the absence or impotence of those great organised corporations by which, in other countries, the national energies are maintained, directed, and stimulated. Among these the Army has been, not without reason, traditionally regarded as the most dangerous enemy to English liberty. Hence its strength is restricted within the narrowest practicable limits; it is—or rather was—recruited by voluntary enlistment from among the most ruffianly elements of the population, with soldiers so unamenable to military discipline that time after time in the Peninsular War they threw away the fruit of Wellington's victories by disbanding and dispersing over the country in search of plunder. For want of a military school, our officers were without training in the art of war; while the Purchase System, by giving them a right of property in their commissions, rendered them dangerously independent of the supreme command. The fleet, England's chief pride, was justly popular as a weapon serviceable only for the national defence, and powerless against its liberties. Yet here, too, organisation was lacking. The press-gang was a means of raising sailors that commended itself to public opinion as more suitable than maritime conscription to the genius of a free people. But mutinies, resulting from gross mismanagement, imperilled England's very existence; and the ships were so badly built that they went to pieces in a few years. Our overwhelming naval superiority in the last years of the great war was, in fact, due to the great number of ships of the line taken from the enemy's strength and added to our own. And the irresistible *elan* that enabled English sailors so to turn the balance in their own favor was derived, according to M. Halévy, from the consciousness of having a free, united, and enthusiastic people at their back.

Wellington fares somewhat badly in these pages. Like our great scientific thinkers, he also is an amateur, not a professional, who starts in the Peninsular War without a plan, and continues it, apparently, with equal want of system, muddling along, so to speak, through an unbroken series of victories won against some of Napoleon's best marshals. That he finally beat Napoleon himself, was a success won, in spite of gross mismanagement, by the indomitable courage of the soldiers whose quality he so ungratefully criticised. Nothing is said of the tactical intuition that already in India showed Wellesley how the French formation in column might be defeated by the English formation in line; nor yet is our superiority in firing reckoned as an element of victory either by land or sea. Is not M. Halévy something of a *simpliste* himself?

English liberty is commonly thought to have suffered a serious set-back through George III.'s personal government and the long reign of Toryism to which it eventually led. But this M. Halévy will not admit. For, after all, when the King had his way, as in resisting the Catholic claims, he had public opinion with him; and the seemingly gross misrepresentation of the people in Parliament gave the various interests between which the country was divided, including extreme democracy, their proportionate weight of political power. Even the bargaining for Scottish seats obliged Ministers to grant Scotland that fair share of public patronage which she could not otherwise have obtained. And, in spite of landlord dictation, the voice of Ireland made itself heard on the question of Catholic Emancipation.

The industrial revolution, together with the political economy that it inspired, are described in this volume with great fulness and accuracy of detail, the bright and dark sides of liberty, under the form of *laissez-faire*, coming in for copious illustration. On the one hand, we have an unexampled series of mechanical inventions, leading to an unexampled accumulation of wealth; on the other hand, a most iniquitous distribution of that wealth—the most necessitous and the hardest-worked getting the smallest share. State interference on behalf of children begins early in the century, but with little effect for want of machinery to enforce the law; native manufactures are also protected, but quite gratuitously, foreign competition being impossible; the Corn Laws, however, constitute an intolerable grievance, combining with the high prices caused by the great war to make the condition of the laboring classes abject in the

extreme—a state of things rendered economically still more dangerous by the old Poor Law.

According to M. Halévy, this mixture of anarchy and plutocracy would have resulted in a violent social revolution but for the intervention of the religious revival, taking the form of Methodism among the lower classes, and of evangelism among the higher. This, the most original idea of the volume, is also the most questionable. The author seems to think that because Pietism was a great force, it must have had a great political effect. But the orderly evolution of English politics after 1815 is sufficiently explained by English traditions, and among these, moderation, which he quite ignores, takes a foremost place; only in our sports do we force the pace. The disposition to compromise has ever been strongly marked. It is not a racial peculiarity, but comes of living in an island close to the mainland. One does not look for Atlantic hurricanes in the Mediterranean. A country where Chartism was put down by special constables, and aristocracy collapsed when the Hyde Park railings were pulled up, would equally have worked out its temporal salvation had the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Wilberforce never lived. The reforming influence of Pietism on private life is also much exaggerated. It was rather the English genius that moralised the revival than *vice versa*.

The sections on art and literature are the least satisfactory in the volume. Too much is made of academies, patrons, and booksellers—indeed, M. Halévy seems much more at home in economics than in aesthetics. The views of Scott and Byron are too narrowly conventionalised. The one is a machine for raking in money and spending it again, the other a Whig noble of the old school rather than a genuine Liberal. Admirers of Sir Walter will not easily forgive the assertion that his century of popularity comes from his writing down to the taste of boys of fifteen (p. 492). Jane Austen, "the perfection of feminist realism," is classed with Miss Burney and Miss Edgeworth. What in 1815 made English painting, English literature, and English science the greatest in Europe, is not explained. Sometimes there is a hint at the religious revival, generally not thought favorable to such mundane pursuits. Music, from its connection with public worship, might sooner have been expected to flourish in that climate; but to M. Halévy's surprise, neither within nor without the churches did it profit by the new enthusiasm. He explains this unfortunate failure by "an innate racial incapacity." Had he explained the triumphs gained elsewhere by so many innate racial capacities, the verbalism would have been more obvious but not less futile.

A few slight inaccuracies may be noted in a work generally as exact as it is erudite and profound. On p. 87 "Asylum" is printed "Azylum," and "potwallpers" "potwallers" on p. 121; "Pess," in a quotation on p. 182, (note), seems to be printed for "pests"; Stratford Canning was not George Canning's brother, but his cousin (p. 169); Byron did not "always," as is here stated (p. 485), distribute the sums paid for his works among his poorer friends, but kept them for himself in his later years. The "Mrs. Owen-son" mentioned on p. 489 is probably Miss Owen-son, afterwards Lady Morgan. Sir William Herschel's name should not be spelled with two l's (p. 529).

#### A GOOD GUIDE.

"History of English Literature from 'Beowulf' to Swinburne." By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans. 6s.)

In the last years of his life, Mr. Andrew Lang scattered his energies over many subjects—historical, anthropological, and literary—and produced many hastily written books. It is fortunate that he found time amid his labors to complete this history of English literature, and that it saw the light at least a day or two before his death. It is possible that he himself was responsible for certain loose sentences, uncorrected, and innumerable defects in punctuation, which should be put right in the next edition. It is far too good a book to be allowed to suffer from minor errors and easily remediable defects; for Mr. Lang was one of those many-sided literary men of a type that is becoming rare among us. He was not a profoundly erudite and laborious student of literary history like Professor Saintsbury, but he was a

far better writer, and a critic whose taste and judgment we infinitely prefer. He was free from the defects of the specialist, for if he could be called a specialist in anything, it was in respect of his knowledge of folk-lore and Homeric literature. But he had browsed widely over the whole field of English and Scottish literature. His special likings and his prejudices are not entirely hidden; but the breadth and variety of his reading, and the keen human interest which he found in literature, gave both wholesomeness and a certain broad consistency to his literary estimates. He is always alive, breezy, and, in his style, lucid and popular. He loves the romantic writers, but eschews them when they move into the obscure ways of the mystic. His interests follow always the broad main road of English literature. He has no taste for philosophy, and intellectual subtleties, if carried far, irritate him. He dislikes pretentiousness of every kind, unless—as in the case of Richardson—it provides us with a fund of unconscious humor. He is quick to detect insincerity; the bizarre, the esoteric, the unusual offend him. He is by natural inclination, and not from fashion, an enthusiast for all the books which youth should be taught to admire; and thus he is admirably equipped for the writing of a handbook such as this, which, in the compass of less than 700 pages, gives us far the best popular summary of English literature with which we are acquainted.

In the chapters relating to Anglo-Saxon and early medieval literature, he adopts a method which he drops in the later chapters. He shows us in what manner this early literature was an outcome and an expression of the life and society of the time. No one is better equipped than he to describe the legends of gods and heroes sung by the Saxon minstrels—legends which throve in a society "almost exactly the same as that which Homer describes among the Greeks." And so, too, with the legends from which the Arthurian romances sprang. The real King Arthur he traces to Scottish soil; but the origins are conjectural. He writes of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Layamon, and Sir Thomas Malory with that sort of intimacy which is not often felt for men whose lives are so shadowy; he had a knack of constructing and incarnating old authors in a few brisk, telling paragraphs. His pages on the popular ballad are interesting; but his account of English lyrical poetry in the Middle Ages is not adequate. He has not explained the influence of French troubadour and trouvère poetry, and he does far less than justice to the early English lyrics, which have recently been admirably appraised by Professor Bliss, of Yale University. Indeed, from this point onwards he has, for the most part, dropped the question of origins and influences. He has been content to sketch the life and summarise the literary quality of each author, not forgetting, indeed, that we must try and translate ourselves back to the atmosphere of the author, yet omitting to discuss the origins and influences which account for the twists and turns in the stream of literature. Thus, to account for Chaucer we must know something more than he tells us about Italian and French literature; to understand Wyatt and Surrey we must know how the Petrarchan sonnet was imitated and conventionalised in Italy.

When he comes to Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson, he succeeds in saying the right things upon these well-worn subjects, and giving the essential facts without being platitudinous or dull. He dismisses impatiently the recent arguments about the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and is entirely contemptuous of Mr. Frank Harris, whose theory he discredits. "The Sonnets, like 'the floor of heaven,' are 'thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,' never to be dimmed by mists of conjecture, or nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire." Had the subject been worthy of his attention, Mr. Lang would have been just the critic who might effectually have disposed of Mr. Harris's ingenious and imaginative reading of the sonnets and plays of Shakespeare.

The author was evidently not an admirer of either Webster or Tournier, and his verdicts, hastily thrown out, show how little he was in sympathy with the criticism of Swinburne, and that he was not even to be persuaded by Lamb. He refuses to admire Chapman's translation of Homer, admitting only the benefit he conferred when he made Homer "common coin." And upon such a subject as this we are compelled to pay special atten-



tion to his opinion. There is no rendering of Homer in the English language which reproduces the movement and spirit of the two epics so well as those prose translations in which Mr. Lang had the principal share. Those prose translations come far nearer to the poetry of the original than anything that Chapman, Pope, Lord Derby, or Dr. Mackail have done in verse. For this reason we turn with special interest to see what he has to say of Pope, and we find that the five pages which he has devoted to him are the best considered, the most neatly expressed, the most "finished" pages in the book. "His education was private, priests were his tutors, but he acquired Latin, and was from childhood a great reader of poetry, and an imitator of what he read." "He was, in the highest degree, the kind of poet that his age and the English society of his age desired and deserved; a town poet—where rural nature is concerned, conventional and unobservant; where Man is concerned, a poet of Man, literary, political, and fashionable." "He cannot easily be thought of as having the capacity for greatness, except in the literary conditions of the early eighteenth century. But in that period he was supreme." Of the translation of Homer he writes:—

"It is almost as if he had taken Homer's theme and written the poem himself. The minor characteristics of the antique manner are gone; but his age would have thought them barbarous and fatiguing. Wherever there is rhetoric, Pope is magnificent; where there are pictures of external nature he is conventional. But he is never slow."

On the subject of Robert Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Mr. Lang is misleading. Pepys is not highly esteemed. Bishop Berkeley, a writer of the purest English of the eighteenth century as well as an epoch-making philosopher, deserves more than the seven lines allotted to him. William Blake is entirely omitted. Meredith is evidently not admired. D. G. Rossetti is depreciated. Pater is uncongenial. Of the later authors it is R. L. Stevenson whom the author admires the most.

As we have said, he prefers the main, broad stream of lucid English literature. He was never drawn into

"Obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things."

He likes best the authors who take the world as they find it—Chaucer, Spenser, Fielding, Scott—and represent it with creative splendor and lightness of heart; or those yet greater men, such as Homer and Shakespeare, whose passion and pathos are like strange primal elements added to the normal world. He writes well about them all, even when he compels us to disagree with him. And we are particularly grateful that a book which so briefly and carefully summarises the facts should be at the same time so alive and suggestive.

### THE IRISH PEASANT.

"My Irish Year." By PADRAIC COLUM. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book of imagination and criticism. It is at once a personal record of life and travel in the midlands of Ireland, and a comment on the food, the dialect, the marriage customs, the religion, and the social ideals of the people who inhabit the belt of country running from Meath to Mayo. The record is imaginative in the best sense. In his occasional sketches of men and women, Mr. Colum gives us, not merely life observed, but life transmuted into literature. It does not matter to us, for instance, whether the incidents in "The Death of the Rich Man" ever actually happened or not. They happen for our imagination, and the mean and gnarled brother of the dead gombeen man is a figure of abiding reality as the old beggarwoman overhears him saying at the time of the death: "Now, thank God, we can be clear for the day of the fair. I was thinking that he would still be with us on the fair day, and we would have to close the shop, and that would be a great loss to us. Now we can have everything cleared off in time. God be good to Michael's soul." There are several sketches as good as this in the book. There is no logic in their arrangement, and we come upon them, as it were, by accident. But the very looseness of the author's method seems to justify itself by its effect. The book leaves us with the impression that we have been watching the tragic and colored phantasmagoria of Irish

life—tragic, as in the sketch of the blind piper and his ruined brother, who meet unexpectedly in a village public-house after half a lifetime of separation; and colored with the dyes of humor, as in the chapter which tells us how Maelshaughlinn spent the price he got for his horse at the fair. Readers of THE NATION, where the story originally appeared, will remember how, at the end of an intoxicating day of prodigality, Maelshaughlinn announces that he is going to bid the musicians to play in the market-square for a prize, and how the poor man finds himself "let in" for the costly prize of a young calf.

"You'd have liked the looks of the fiddler (Maelshaughlinn said afterwards), but the piper was a black-avis'd fellow that kept a troop of tinkers about him. It was the piper who said, 'Master, what's the prize to be?' Before I had time to think, the fiddler was up and talking. 'He's of the oul' ancient race,' said the fiddler, 'and he'll give the prizes that the ancient nobility gave to the musicians—a calf, the finest calf in the fair, a white calf, with skin as soft as the fine mist on the ground, a calf that gentle that the smoothest field under him would look as rough as a bog.' And the fiddler was that lifted out of himself that he nearly leapt over a cart. Somebody pushed in a young calf, and then I sat down on a stone, for there was no use in saying anything or trying to hear anything after that."

This passage from the extravagant adventures of Maelshaughlinn is suggestive of one of the most showy characteristics which Mr. Colum attributes to the Irish peasant—his love of abundant speech. Synge and Lady Gregory have already impressed the world with the splendor of Irish verbosity; but Mr. Colum adds fresh instances of his own. Certainly, she was a woman to be prized above rubies whom he heard referring to a slow and cautious character as "Martin-steal-upon-larks." It was the same woman who said of a man who had rushed impetuously into her shop, "Murty came in with a windy hat on him, and threw goold down on the counter." Occasionally, it must be admitted, this excessive speech is a vice rather than a beauty in language, as in a conversation the author overheard about a man who had smashed a drum:

"'It's a wonder you let go with him,' says one. The other, a handsome youth, replies in a voice as soft as a meadow-stream, 'Sure, we butchered him on the road, but what good was that to us? If he had to crooken a lip to one of us we'd have pulled him to pieces.' 'We left him there in his gores of blood.' This violence is purely ideal. I knew the man who had smashed the drum. He came home without a scratch."

Mr. Colum's attitude to the Irish peasant, whether to his deeds or his words, is one of imaginative receptivity rather than of criticism. Though he is a Nationalist, a believer in co-operation, and a hater of Irish cookery, no other writer we know could have kept a book of this kind so free from the polemics of reform. He mingles with his imperfect fellow-men as their poet, their interpreter, not as one who would coerce them into either political or moral salvation. Consequently, even when he writes about the priests, he does so without heat either of attack or defence: he is content to show us the priests as men of flesh and blood in their living environment. He has some interesting curiosities, by the way, to relate about the honors and monies paid to priests in some parts of Ireland. One day, he tells us, he was in a farm-house where a family party had gathered to hear the priest say Mass and to make their confessions—an old religious ceremony known as a "station."

"In this part of the country" (he goes on, describing the feast that came afterwards), "it is not the custom for women to sit down to a meal with the priest. The women waited in the kitchen, and the priests, the peasants, and myself sat down to our particular breakfast."

In unobtrusive sentences after this fashion Mr. Colum introduces us, as it were, into the privacies of the rural life of Ireland. Many readers will learn in this book for the first time, for instance, about the collections that are taken up at funerals for the priest in some parts of the country. In an interesting chapter we are given a description of the mourners as they come forward with their offerings before the funeral procession leaves the house:—

"The father of the dead boy steps to the table and puts half a sovereign on the plate. Everyone in the assembly comes forward and puts down a piece of silver. Some who make contributions are here as deputies. 'From Mrs. Mulligan,' says a girl; and she is followed by the representative of a Protestant farmer, 'From Mr. Irwin.' The young man who was acolyte at the Mass counts the money and arranges it before the priest. Father Michael stands forward again. 'The



people have subscribed £5 17s. 6d. This is generous, and I am very much obliged."

Customs like this are, of course, survivals of a social organisation that is now dead. They continue to exist only in exceptional places, the laity being somewhat galled by them, but "where it remains, the priests are particular that the custom should not lapse." Social vanities, too, tend to keep the "offerings" up to a good level, for, if the collection is small, people are inclined to say things like: "Not much was thought of her. The priest didn't get £1 in offerings at her burial."

Besides priests and fine language, the phenomena of Irish life which Mr. Colum stresses most in his survey are the bad food, the marriages of convenience, and emigration. "Almost everyone in Ireland," he declares, "is badly fed, and this is not because food is scarce, but because food is overlooked." Again, he gives it as his opinion that "the want of nourishment more than climate is behind that lack of force that is noticeable in Irish life." People no longer live on porridge and milk-and-potatoes to the extent to which they used to do. They eat too much American bacon and white bread, and at every hour of the day drink long-drawn tea—"tea so strong that it would brand a lamb," as they say. As for made marriages and emigration, they are often very closely related to each other. Some girls emigrate in order to escape from marriages of convenience with old farmers, and other girls fly to America in order to earn a dowry and be able to marry anybody at all. Not that the emigrants will always admit the purposes that make them leave Ireland. Of Clare emigrants in general an Irish-American girl said to Mr. Colum: "They'd like you to believe that the wealth of the world was in their county, and that they only went abroad to see the people." It is in noticing these little extravagances of ordinary life that Mr. Colum's imaginative temperament especially rejoices. Sometimes we feel that he is almost too willing to delight in the romantic exaggerations he hears, as when, speaking of some of the effects of emigration and intercourse with emigrants, he gravely says: "I have been told that there is a village in Westmeath where Spanish is spoken in the street." That sentence is so packed with the sense of adventure, however, that we would be slow to quarrel with it. The whole book, indeed, is rich in that adventurous experience which the modern Irishman seems to find in his own country, but the men of other nations only in foreign travel. It is altogether a very delightful, intimate, penetrating, and humorous piece of work. Incidentally, it is illustrated by reproductions of paintings by some of the most noted of contemporary Irish artists.

#### A DIPLOMATIST'S LADY IN JAPAN.

"Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan: Leaves from the Diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan." With an Introduction by H.E. BARON KATO, Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James. (Stanley Paul. 18s. net.)

In these light and pleasant pages East and West are rather curiously blended. There are dances of "Geisha" girls and Legation waltzing. The strains of a national anthem, English or German or Russian, rise soothingly above the twanging instruments of the country. At the Mikado's table saké goes round in wee porcelain cups (handed afterwards as presents to H.M. guests), and in the Ambassador's dining-room the champagne corks pop. A Japanese Prince is buried with strange pomp, and an English officer wins a double event at the Yokohama races. Baroness d'Anethan recalls it all with light and happy touches.

Baron Kato tells us in his introductory note that the late Baron Albert d'Anethan,

"who represented his country with much distinction at the Court of Tokyo for the long space of sixteen and a-half years, was a scion of an ancient and distinguished Belgian family, and the descendant of a long line of statesmen and diplomats. He was named Secretary to Japan in 1873, remaining there till 1876, and after serving his country in various capitals of Europe and America in different capacities, he was appointed to Tokyo as Minister Resident of Belgium in 1893, and promoted in the following year to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians, which latter office he held until 1910, when he died in harness in that city."

We were recently told that Royalty in Japan is never measured for its clothes. The tailor surveys his Imperial

clients at a respectful, if unsatisfactory distance, guesses the proportions, and trusts to his sartorial providence for a fit of some sort. Thus is it perhaps explained why a Mikado in State togger looks as if his valet had dressed him by mistake out of someone else's wardrobe; or as if his Majesty, for private reasons, dealt by preference at an emporium of misfits. This, too, may be one reason why no one is allowed to snapshot a Mikado in any public place. But how does the Empress dress herself? for the Baroness d'Anethan describes a Paris toilette of her Majesty's which might have come from a studio in the Rue de la Paix. The contrast between the French frock and the whispered ceremony of presentation is curious, but seemingly quite characteristic of modern Japan:—

"I was charmed with her Majesty's appearance. She was dressed in a fabrication evidently straight from Paris, of lovely mauve *broché* satin, with a *gilet* of pale pink, and she wore as ornaments one large diamond brooch and the star of her country. During the whole time of our interview she never moved a muscle of her face, keeping her small and beautifully shaped mouth partly open, and speaking in a whisper. She never seemed even to blink an eye. Her interpreter repeated all her remarks, and mine also, in a whisper. . . . The maids of honor of the Empress, with her grand chamberlains, stood around the room, immovable and silent."

*Apropos* of frocks, the Baroness regrets—as other European ladies have done—the gradual passing of the exquisite Oriental garb of the Japanese ladies. She was at a promenade concert in the lovely Arsenal Gardens, which are laid out entirely in the ancient manner of Japan; gardens as purely Japanese as Le Nôtre's gardens of Versailles are purely French—

"This gathering of people was by far the most Japanese thing we had yet seen, and we could not but help regretting more than ever, on admiring the beauty of the national costume *en grande toilette*, the present fashion of wearing European clothes, which can never have the charm or artistic beauty of the Japanese ladies' own lovely garments. It was a picturesque sight, watching these dainty personages in their bright-colored and graceful raiment, glistening in the sunlight, appearing like butterflies from the seclusion of groves of feathery bamboos. To reach the undulating plains beyond, they tripped across the stepping-stones and crossed the ancient bridges of stone, for all the world just like a willow-pattern plate, and to my prosaic English eye this first glimpse of the gentle, artistic beauty of Oriental life was a picture not easily forgotten."

The young Crown Prince of those days (1893), who has just ascended the throne,

"is still but a lad of thirteen, and, unfortunately, very delicate. He is under the medical care of Dr. Beal, of the Imperial University, who has done wonders for him. I have not yet seen H.I.H., but I hear he is bright and intelligent, and very fond of foreigners."

Although the ceremonial side of life and official junketings of all sorts account for much of Madame d'Anethan's space, we are continually getting glimpses—pretty, or fascinating, or arresting—of the true and native Japan. Flowers, for instance, greet us everywhere. Early in November the Mikado, in the lordly gardens of his Court—"the most lovely gardens in the world"—gives a great Chrysanthemum Party. "The chrysanthemums were magnificent, one plant alone possessing seven hundred blossoms." Again it is the cherry blossom.

"We afterwards drove to Ueno Park to inspect the old cherry trees, which are just now one mass of blossom. The trees are very ancient in this park, with great gnarled trunks and curved boughs, and a lovely weeping cherry tree, with the blossom a faint pink, was one of the most graceful and ethereal spectacles I have seen in Nature. Thousands of happy sightseers were gazing at this sight, beautiful beyond words."

Then the azalea.

"We drove to Okubo to see the azaleas. This wealth of flowers was simply a dream of beauty. There were whole fields of blazing azaleas, of every imaginable shade and color, the salmon-colored ones being, in my opinion, especially lovely. As usual, in this flower-loving land, there were crowds of picturesque sightseers enjoying the charming scene."

But Japan is also a region of earthquake; and these visitations—sometimes but a slight shock or two, and sometimes a dreadful series lasting for days—are frequent. More than once we read in Madame d'Anethan's diary that, had the movement been vertical instead of horizontal, Tokio must have been laid in ruins. Houses in Japan are, of course, built for earthquakes; but these slender structures are an all too easy prey to fire; and, amid one dreadful conflagra-

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tion, we see clusters of cherry-blossom "turned blood-red by the reflection of the flames."

Among many things distinctive we note the account of the funeral of Prince Arisugawa, the sacred ceremony of the Shoryobune, and the "procession of the unfortunate girls of the Yoshiwara." The dead prince carries in his coffin or casket of "pure white wood" the sword that is to defend him against evil spirits, the money for the ferry-boat to Eternity, his favorite meats, and the name which he is to bear in the next world. The Shoryobune is the launching of the ships of the souls. "On this date the ocean is one vast highway of the dead, when thousands of fairy barques, each illuminated with a single lantern, are by the simple fisher-folk set afloat upon the open sea." If the soul-ship founder in the waters, the ghostly passenger hovers through all eternity "on the brink of the calm and beautiful shores of Nirvana, fated never to dwell within the regions of its blessed peace and rest." To what end the courtesans of the Yoshiwara go once a year in procession, Madame d'Anethan does not inform us. It is a melancholy spectacle. To witness it

"there were enormous crowds, packed in masses, and squatting down on their mats. We had to wait for over two hours and a-half before the girls arrived. At last they came—fourteen of them—one by one, walking their long slow walk, raised on their high *geta* (pattens), and dressed in gorgeous embroideries, while the *obi*, the huge stiff bows of which were tied in front, a sign of their unfortunate profession, was of the richest brocade. . . . The faces of the girls were daubed with white paint, and they wore a fixed, set expression, while their eyes never moved. Each courtesan was preceded by two children, likewise adorned in magnificent kimonos, the courtesans themselves each being escorted by an old woman, who is supposed to act the part of a mother, and who every now and then, with deft fingers, arranged the hair or beautiful dress."

What is the meaning of this procession? The author does not instruct us. It seems to have neither moral nor religious significance; but in Japan no spectacle of this sort could be without its mystery. The presence of the old women is explicable; but for what reason are the children linked with the courtesans? Baroness d'Anethan shows so lively an interest in the things essentially Japanese, and sets them before us with so sympathetic a pen, that we looked for some explanation of a scene which seems unique among the pageants of the East. In the second edition of a book that should certainly attain to this distinction, some satisfaction on the point might be granted us.

### LONDON'S IRONY.

"Clara." By A. NEIL LYONS. (Lane. 6s.)

THERE is nothing exactly tragic or Sophoclean about our English irony. We are not sure if we could illustrate the kind of thing precisely from the classic poets, though it is likely the lowest classes in Athens had just a touch of it, and we might find it in the only Athenian who had the grace to tell us anything about them. But in full abundance we believe it to be English only, and even among us it seems to be a recent growth. Now and then we may catch early signs of it in Pistol and in the Doll Tearsheet scenes; Sterne came near it in Mr. Shandy's servants; and perhaps Smollett knew its meaning; in Dickens we get the thing itself, for the Wellers and Dick Swiveller, and, perhaps, Bob Sawyer, had it beyond mistake. But even since Dickens it has grown—grown with the vast growth of the working people, and especially of Londoners. Scotland and Wales we believe to be incapable of it. It occurs in Ireland quite frequently; but of the English working people we think it is now to be the characteristic mark and sign. And this is the more remarkable, because we must call it irony, and to all forms of irony the English middle classes appear to be peculiarly deaf. Let a speaker attempt irony on a middle-class audience, and they will gaze at him like cattle in a field. Put up a working man to speak to working people, and the chances are he will talk irony all the time.

One must call it irony for want of a special word; but it is irony of a particular kind. There is nothing very subtle about it, and it sometimes consists in exaggeration, or in what the pedants call "meiosis." But it is only heard to perfection under adversity, and probably that is why the middle classes are incapable of it. In adversity it is a kind

of armor to protect the poor; it is a smiling grumble; a bitter-sweet recognition of absurdity in distress; a mask for the sensitive soul. It often takes the form of mocking at wealth, or of imitating the manners of millionaires. Dick Swiveller used it when he said there was a charm in drawing a potato from its native element, to which the rich and powerful are strangers. We hear it in the old out-of-work song, "Now I sleep in Trafalgar Square, Four big lions to guard me," or in the words of the working man who told the tram-car "coachman" to "drive slowly twice round the Park, and then 'ome." Anyone who has lived with soldiers knows that their conversation consists almost entirely of this kind of irony. Our soldiers are only representative of the working people and the unemployed, and the greater the danger or hardship, the more ironic they become.

Now, of this kind of irony Mr. Neil Lyons is a master. He has grasped the central fact that it is the characteristic of the English people, especially of Londoners. Though perhaps he may spring from the middle classes himself, it must be natural to his own mind, or else at some time he has been very much "down on his luck." Mere association and a recording ear could hardly have filled him so full of it as is shown on every page. In this book the characters talk the true English irony almost without interval. And the irony is not merely in their language; it colors their whole aspect of life. Through its medium they see themselves, their sufferings, and the impassable barriers between work and wealth. Open these short and simple annals of the poor where you like, and you find it:—

"It's all very well to be refined," objected Sarah, "but there is such a thing as being idiotic, the same as my father said to the clergyman in the 'bus accident, when the clergyman said: 'Oh, dear!' A man in your position can't afford to be refined. Time enough for you to act respectable when you get a spare pair o' trousers."

Or again:—

"Whatever it is," responded Clara, "yer look unpleasant. Yer look like a chap what's been kept away from drink." The brown and insanitary old gentleman who stood at Clara's elbow—his name was Ikey—here uttered a short laugh, and addressed some remarks to an invisible auditor.

"Ere, waitah!" cried Mr. Isaacs, "hurry up! Lord Percy wants yer. Lord Percy's got a temperature. 'E's goin' to break teetotal. Bring 'im a small cider—quick!"

Sometimes the irony is scornfully serious, and hides the bitter wisdom of experience behind its smile. Discussing the future of her child, and the disadvantages of his going into regular work, Clara says:—

"That's the way it is with men which goes to work; eether they loses 'eart, an' takes to cocoa, or else they goes it blind to keep 'appy. Mind yer, I'm not blamin' the men. It's the work I blame. It's too similar. There ain't enough variety about it. A man in reg'lar work is like a old dog fed on biscuits. 'E loses the taste for game."

And speaking of her memories when serving in a theatre, she says:—

"It's young ones I'm talkin' about: them nuts, them Berties. Goo-er, 'ow I 'ate them lads! Talk about givin' bicycles away with a pound of tea, that's nothing. There was young gentlemen at the 'Jolli'y' expected your soul along of a thrippenny programme."

As we said, the great service of English irony is as a kind of armor. It protects against the contempt of the comfortable, and against the despair of the poor themselves. It is the protest of equality, and pretends to throw a glamor of sardonic make-believe over the hardest fortune. Above all, it saves from pathos. Fond of sentiment as the working Londoner is, he is aware of his weakness, and rescues himself by irony. Clad in ironic panoply, you cannot wallow in the pathetic. Pathos is always the danger of writers about the poor, for the pathetic side of their existence is always obvious, and the excellent people who used to make us water Kailyards with our tears, saw hardly anything else. Against that lachrymose stickiness, irony is the best protection, and Mr. Neil Lyons has by some means got the English irony in his soul. Of course, he is aware of the pathos; he shows us glimpses of it sometimes; but he sees his danger, and carefully puts his armor on. Take this simple conversation between two flower-sellers on the pavement.—

"There's never no sale for nothin' luncheon time—on'y meat. Better go and get a bit o' ye'self."

"I'll 'ave a roast chicken," said Poppy, "and a bottle o' port. Take care of my basket, will yer?"

"Yes, dearie," Sarah replied; "I'll look after your basket."



You 'ave 'alf a cup of cocoa and some bread-and-dripping, dearie. What you want is feeding up."

Poppy threw up her arms in token of spiritual weariness, unbecoming in one so young.

"What I want," she said, "is 'alf a cup o' something to put me to sleep. What I want is a wooden ulster. I'm sick of it all."

Sarah shook a reproachful head at her young friend. "You want cocon, dearie. You want feeding up. You're low-spirited."

"Low-spirited," echoed Poppy. "Me! Go hon. I'm only a little disheartened because the motor's broke down, and my French maid forgot to air the curling-tongs."

To talk of a coffin as a wooden ulster would have uprooted the whole Kailyard with horror, but in our ironic London it is just the touch that saves the situation.

The varied scenes are loosely—very loosely—strung together upon the personality of Clara, an excellent type of London woman. In some she does not even appear. But the connecting link does not matter, except that we are always glad to meet Clara whenever she comes in. "The Mile End Sensation," "The Window Blind," "The Ginger-Nut," and "Tiny's Accident," are perhaps told with the greatest art. "Kettles to Mend" would be one of the best if it didn't come within a hair's breadth of the sentimental. The combined situations of "A Conspiracy," "Dialogue with a Soldier," and "Amy Birch's Story" are admirable too. But so are they all, and one could only wish that every worker in philanthropic or municipal machinery would learn them by heart.

#### SPINNING THE PLOT.

"The Unknown Quantity." By CHARLES INGE. (Nash. 6s.)

"The Storm-Dog." By LILIAN ARNOLD. (John Long. 6s.)

"Between Two Thieves." By RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Cabin." By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

"PASSION spins the plot." That phrase of Meredith sang in our ears as we laid down—one after another, in due course—this quartette of books; and when we began to write of them, we found that it had taken on a gnomic quality—had become a sort of golden rule for novelists. Passion alone—passion for the material you deal with, in the sense of the French *se passionner*—seemed the talisman against failure; and that only if, as in all true passion, reverence was at the heart. For here were, in Mr. Inge's case, earnestness and the midsummer madness of observation; in Miss Arnold's case, invention and docility; in Richard Dehan's case, conviction and obsession, violence, documental indigestion; and here, in Mr. Stewart White's case—the Talisman! Musing over the generous August fire, we found ourselves so teased by that Meredithian line, demanding imperiously its context, that the small blue volume had to be found. It was found, and we jumped—so uncannily apt that context was. "We are betrayed by what is false within." . . . The books fell at once into processional order, wherein the best comes last; for we set ourselves one test for all, and thus each answered to it.

What made Mr. Charles Inge write "The Unknown Quantity"? The answer quickly came: Eugenics. They are in the air, and Mr. Inge dissents from their teaching. He invents a situation; a devotee of the creed falls in love with a "defective," as their graceful language has it. Beatrice Lavener is blind. Here is the Unknown Quantity in the hero's self. What will he do? Does one not instantly know? He will marry her, after having deeply, though unconsciously, wounded her by his beliefs, and will make of her "closed lids" the heart of his dreaming. To tell us this, Mr. Inge uses more than forty chapters, each so crammed with ineffectual detail of people and actions and things that we can hardly see the wood for the trees. In his book, everyone performs the most ordinary actions in the most extraordinary ways. A man cannot move to speak, but he "seems to heave forward a little"; someone else lights a cigarette—by-the-bye, cigarettes, cigars, or pipes are lit and smoked *forty times* in the story—and has to "crane" ere he can achieve it; everybody "snicks" envelopes; one unfortunate has "black *smarmed* hair"; all "mumble" at one moment or another. It is the sheer insanity of word-hunting, the very mania of "observation"—those twin snares of the raw

novelist. . . And not one character, from beginning to end! Robin, the hero, foredoomed by his detestable name (do we not all know, before we read, what any Robin but Robin Hood must be like?), exists, in so far as he exists at all, solely to prove Mr. Inge's theory; Beatrice Lavener, the "defective," never for an instant comes to life; Charlotte Blagden, ensnarer of Robin—the over-epithetised, over-described Charlotte—is a pure absurdity; Dr. Wepener, the Eugenist apostle, with his "smudged eyes," is like the faded print of a poor photograph. And all this, at merciless length, because Mr. Inge earnestly dissents from the Eugenists. The "false within" has betrayed him. He is not passionate for his material, but for his theory. Only genius escapes from that trap—and even genius rarely escapes uninjured.

What made Miss Arnold write "The Storm-Dog"? Cornwall spun that plot—the Cornwall, that is, where by convention wild things happen to wild people. Miss Arnold has been exquisitely docile to this convention; she has brought all the powers of her inventive mind to bear upon obeying it. Stories written round places are, by the very nature of their being, bad art; for the story is concerned, first and last, with human character. Find your people, and if you have found them "passionately," you have found your place. Miss Arnold reversed the process: she found her place, and then, forgetting all about human character, painted, dressed, and wired a company of puppets. Wild Girl, Wild Weak-man, Wild Strong-man, Comic Fat, and, at useful moments, Pathetic Parson, Quaint, Talkative Servant—all are here, and all are, for art, neither here nor there. It follows, we affirm, as a matter of course from this that Miss Arnold's Cornwall is the oleographic one. "Hydrangea," for example, is a word much used as an adjective by her to convey one of the Cornish effects of color; and, though maxim seems to crowd on maxim, we cannot forego the making of this one: Distrust always the vision that must find another thing by which to see the thing actually before it.

What made Richard Dehan write "Between Two Thieves"? Primarily, we should say, hatred of Napoleon III. This might seem to supply the indispensable "passion"; but hatred is a barren thing, and, moreover, Richard Dehan's case is a peculiar one. That welter of violence and sentimentality, of scurrility and sanctification, of adjectives, adjectives, adjectives, which is "Between Two Thieves," and was "The Dop Doctor," vexes, confounds, almost stupefies, the judgment. It is Dickens, it is Ouida, at their worst, and yet it is Richard Dehan alone. For Dickens, even at his worst, could select, and Richard Dehan cannot. Ouida, even at her worst, could sometimes absurdly thrill or move, and Richard Dehan never thrills nor moves (though we feel that she herself is thrilled and moved) and she fails because, with all her eagerness and sincerity, she is so almost unbelievably without taste—without, that is, the sense for what is impossible on a page; without discernment of the false coin from the true; without power to distinguish the phrase from the ready-made phrase, the English language from the vile, the already obsolete, the journalistic. She is, in a word, destitute of any conception of what reverence for her material might mean, though she knows and feels what reverence for brave actions, fine thoughts, noble men and women, can mean. But she cannot "say" it; she can only hurl it at our heads, pelting us the while with invective, with panegyric, with the unwearied adjective, with capitals, exclamations, "prestos!" and "alases!" till we recoil in mingled irritation, fatigue, and pity, wounded by the hail of missiles, yet wounded no less by our own unwilling aversion from this nature warm and true, but made "most tolerable, and not to be endured" by its violence, its volubility, its utterly undisciplined and indiscriminating energy. No living being was ever quite so repulsive as she would have us believe the Third Napoleon; no enchantress quite so "purple-lidded" as her Henriette de Roux; no hero, even of a melodrama, quite so heroically obtuse and bad-and-good-together and "Red Indian-skinned" and black-eyed and slender and firm-lipped—*toute la lyre!*—as her Hector Dunoisse, for ever injured, suspected, taken in; for ever "noble," and for ever entirely uninteresting. Yes; passion spun the plot here, but there was no reverence: the material existed only for Richard Dehan to—decorate.

What made Mr. White write "The Cabin"? High

passion for sense, not the reality. Cabin" is camping of forest—the chapter deep joy to us as thought constant the wise forest the yet so in our of and seal the truth them. For are no less Cabin" friends, reviewers

"With D (Murr)

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passion for his material. It has spun, in the novelistic sense, no plot; it has spun, instead, the dream into the reality, and the reality into the dream. "The Cabin" is a pure delight. We read of a husband and wife camping out in a little shanty in the heart of the Californian forest—that is all the "story"; but around it grows chapter upon chapter of sagacity and fun and insight, and deep joy in beauty and living things. And all is given to us as simply and sincerely as it was lived through and thought through; there is no striving for effects, but the constant achievement of them. We see the happy man with the wise heart working in, travelling over, musing on, the forest that he loves so passionately and so reverently, yet so intimately; and as we watch we find beside us, in our other life, that small blue volume of Meredith, and seal it as our testament for future vows of witness to the truths of art, as far as it is given to us to perceive them. For if "we are betrayed by what is false within," we are no less proclaimed by what is true within. And so "The Cabin" shall stand on our shelves, and be lent to our friends, when the three that came with it are gone where reviewers' copies go.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"With Dante in Modern Florence." By MARY E. LACY. (Murray. 6s. net.)

THIS is a sincere and patient piece of work by an earnest student of Dante, and the still wonderful Italian city that gave him birth. Its avowed object is "to help the reader to reconstruct, as far as may be, the Florence of Dante, and to gather together whatever is still left in the city that will serve to throw light either on the 'Divina Commedia,' or on the history of the author"; and though the task might have been performed in a more distinguished style of writing, we are left in no doubt as to the writer's painstaking scholarship. Florence, at the time of Dante's birth, was a very small place, with many of its famous monuments, such as the churches of Santa Maria Novella, and Santa Croce, and the Convent of San Marco, still outside the walls. He lived to see it transformed architecturally by Giotto and the artists of his time, and to hear, from his place of exile, of many other changes besides those he actually witnessed. His connection with such famous landmarks as the Baptistery, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the church of San Michele is carefully traced; his relations with the men and women of his time are woven into the narrative; and the final chapter is devoted to the efforts of a later generation of Florentines to recover the remains and honor the memory of the man their ancestors had unworthily thrust out. Incidentally, we get glimpses of the social life and customs of the period, which, if not particularly vivid, are suggestive enough to stimulate the imagination.

"Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Work and Influence." By J. STUART WALTERS. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

"THERE are few literary personalities," says Mr. Walters, "if indeed there be any, that have made a deeper impression on the psychosis of our own times than that of Mary Augusta, the eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, and granddaughter of the great schoolmaster, 'Arnold of Rugby.'" He goes on to add: "And what a field of literature she has covered in her reading! There is probably no writer of romance in any language who can be compared with her in this respect." "Mrs. Ward was in her twenty-sixth year when Herbert Spencer published his 'Principles of Sociology.' A brain so active as hers, so eager to acquire fresh knowledge, can hardly have failed to read and absorb the theories set forth so brilliantly therein." "Once, indeed, Mrs. Humphry Ward has so far broken away from what might be called 'the Arnold tradition' as to make a hero of a 'Philistine,' David Grieve, the bookseller, a son of the people, bred on the land; but, then, she is careful to give him 'at least a smattering of culture.'" We can only offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Ward.

"Edinburgh and the Lothians." By FRANCIS WATT. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

OR late years a type of book, part guide-book, part history, and part receptacle for miscellaneous anecdotes, has grown popular in this country, and Mr. Watt's volume shows the type at its best. He joins a knowledge of Edinburgh in history and popular legend to a close acquaintance with the city as it is to-day, and he garnishes his pages with a rich store of literary reminiscences. Indeed, the literary associations occupy almost too much space in the volume. Edinburgh is justly proud of the men of letters she has nurtured, and one and all of them have been generous in singing her praises. In addition to Edinburgh herself, Mr. Watt gives us chapters on Linlithgow, Queensferry, Haddington, and other towns in the Lothians. The stranger who visits Edinburgh can have no better guide than Mr. Watt, and the stranger who stays away will nevertheless find entertainment in his pages.

"Climate and Weather." By H. N. DICKSON, D.Sc. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

THIS is a very worthy volume of the Home University Library series, containing the last word of accepted science on the chief problems of meteorology, and a very clear exposition of the principles governing the gaseous atmosphere of our globe. A little more ground-work on the exact relations between pressure, temperature, and precipitation, would have helped the home student; but by attending to all that he can pick up in the book at large, he will arrive at a sound grasp of the elements, and the book will open up to him an avenue of study at first hand that we have not too many opportunities of finding.

"Omens and Superstitions of Southern India." By EDGAR THURSTON. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"THE master of superstition," says Bacon, "is the people," and there is no doubt that a study of the superstitions and folklore of a country helps to an understanding of the popular mind. In this volume Mr. Thurston gives us a storehouse of the superstitions in vogue among the inhabitants of the Madras Presidency and the native States of Travancore and Cochin. Needless to say, these are in most cases trivial and apparently devoid of the slightest foundation in the nature of things. Thus it is difficult to discover the train of thought which led to the belief that if a dog lies down and wags his tail some misfortune will follow, or that it is unlucky to sell white paint after the lamps have been lighted. But the subject has its gruesome as well as its puerile side, and Mr. Thurston has some terrible accounts of torture and of human sacrifice inspired by superstition. His book is an encyclopedia of the superstitions of the Madras district, and will be read with interest by those curious in such matters as well as by students of comparative religion.

## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, August 16.	Price Friday morning, August 23.
Consols ... ..	75½	75½
Midland Deferred ... ..	70	70½
Canadian Pacific ... ..	289½	282½
Mexican Railway Ordinary ... ..	64½	65
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	102½	102½
Union Pacific ... ..	178½	176½

MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange are still expressing surprise at the unusually active condition of markets in this holiday season. Some there are, of course, who will not admit that things are any better than usual for the time of year. Others, also of a pessimistic turn of mind, admit the fact, but ascribe it to the wet weather, which, they say, is keeping people at home, and consequently they predict a quiet time later on, when the House usually looks for the autumn revival, which does not always come. Though the fairly active price-movements in Americans and Mines are mainly the result of professional transactions, there is quite a moderate amount of business doing in those markets which

have any attractions at all to offer the small bargain-hunter, and it is the presence of this somewhat intermittent stream of small buying orders which is partly responsible for the strong undertone. The general confidence, too, is helped by the continued firmness of Consols, which have scored a fractional gain nearly every day, while the other stocks in the market giving slightly higher yields have attracted a number of small buyers. This illustrates the truth of the old axiom that investors will not buy on a falling market. Local Loans, for instance, are in greater demand now at 86½ than they were four weeks ago at 82½, when the daily depreciation of the Gilt-edged Market seemed to have become a chronic complaint. Consols now have to face the prospect of increasing money rates, the gold outflow from the Bank having been quite large this week. The probable size of the foreign crops, however, is still a matter of conjecture, but opinions favor the view that the United States should require very little assistance from England in financing her own harvest, though the possible calling in of American loans to Germany may give rise to complications in Berlin, and the end of September settlement in that centre will need careful preparation. The American Railway Market remains firm; but London is not taking much more than a spectator's part at present, as prices are too high to be attractive to speculators until the political situation is settled, and the prophetic trade boom rather more advanced. Home Rails rose a little on the first week of strike comparison traffic, and it is not unlikely that the huge increases in total receipts, which are bound to be shown after the next few weeks, will start fresh animation in the market. Beyond that, the course of the market is not easy to foresee. Canadian Pacifics have been subject to realisations, but it is said that the clique responsible for the rise is holding on. This statement will no doubt be accepted for what it is worth. In the Miscellaneous Market the demand for iron and steel, and other trade-boom specialities, has not developed much professional buying, and Marconis, Telephones, and P. & O., the recent speculative favorites, have all declined. Kaffirs have again been supported from inside, but the market which the small speculator seems to favor as much as any just now is the Rubber share section, where prospective early dividend-payers have been picked up, causing prices to rise sharply, owing to small supply of shares.

#### IRON AND STEEL SHARES.

The market which, next to Home Rails, derived most support from the splendid July trade returns was the iron and steel share market, for analysis of the trade figures revealed the fact that this industry was largely responsible for the increased turnover, and the shares most favored were those of the general engineering and shipbuilding firms rather than Armstrong's, Vicker's, and Cammell Laird, whose hands, thanks to the Navy Programme, have been full for two or three years past. During the week two important iron and steel companies have published their reports, and their results are worth attention, for one—Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds, the Birmingham company—have increased their profits; and the other—the Workington Iron and Steel—shows poorer figures. Guest, Keen's are a well-established company, who have paid a steady 15 per cent. for the last six years, have built up a reserve fund of £1,250,000, and have met all expenditure in connection with their coal mines, works, and plant, out of revenue. The directors complained of competition a year or so back; but that was only natural when the name of Joseph Chamberlain was once intimately connected with the concern, though whether they were not satisfied with earning over 20 per cent. on the capital was not definitely stated. The Workington concern was started three years ago by amalgamating the old Workington Steel Company, the Moss Bay, and some of the Cammell Laird's properties. Last year a dividend of 3 per cent. was paid, though depreciation allowances appeared to be very small; and this year, with the same depreciation allowance, no ordinary dividend is paid. The lower profits are ascribed to the coal, railway, and other strikes. The balance-sheet, however, shows the company to be at the end of its liquid resources, the amount of cash being inadequate to meet the final dividend for the year on the Preference shares, for which, presumably, an overdraft at the bank will be necessary. What the company

will do to provide working capital remains to be seen. These results indicate that the figures of all iron and steel concerns may not show higher profits in the current year, and the market is not one for indiscriminate investment on reports of booming trade in the iron and steel industry.

#### THE UNION PACIFIC.

The preliminary income statement of the Union Pacific, which is issued some months before the full report is available, has appeared. It is not a satisfactory statement from the stockholders' point of view, as it shows a big drop in gross receipts and a rise in working expenditure, so that net revenue is reduced; and as there has been a considerable rise in fixed charges, the balance available for the 10 per cent. dividend is very much lower. The following is a summary of the figures:—

	1910-11.		1911-12.		Inc. or Dec.
	\$		\$		\$
Gross receipts	88,983,100	...	85,977,600	...	- 3,005,500
Working expenses	53,269,900	...	54,768,200	...	+ 1,498,300
Net receipts	35,713,200	...	31,219,400	...	- 4,493,800
Other income	18,396,600	...	18,691,100	...	+ 294,500
Total income	54,109,800	...	49,910,500	...	- 4,199,300
Charges	14,131,900	...	16,069,900	...	+ 1,938,000
Divisible	39,977,900	...	33,840,600	...	- 6,137,300
Preferred div.	3,981,800	...	3,981,800	...	-
Avail. for Common	35,996,100	...	29,858,800	...	- 6,137,300

The common stock dividend costs nearly \$22,000,000, so that the margin for the dividend is not quite 4 per cent. on the common stock. Two years ago the company was earning just over 19 per cent. on its common stock. In that year gross receipts were over \$90,000,000 dollars—the highest in the company's history, and working expenses were only 55.6 per cent. of the receipts. Now they absorb 63.7 per cent. Taxes are responsible for some of the increase in expenses; but the real cause of the decreased net earnings is the failure to reduce any branch of expenditure proportionately to the fall in revenue. At the same time, the mileage operated has increased, so that maintenance charges per mile of track are not equal to what they were, and the traffic density has declined. The Union Pacifics need, therefore, is for higher revenue, though it by no means follows that the percentage of operating expenses will go back to the neighborhood of 50 per cent. if gross receipts again rise to \$90,000,000. In fact the 1909 and 1910 figures of net revenue seem to have been abnormal. Still, with good crops and active general business in the United States, the Union Pacific will be able to show much better results, and it seems most unlikely that the margin by which the 10 per cent. dividend is now covered will not increase, unless future capital expenditure is made in a reckless manner. At its present price, Union Pacific Stock yields 5½ per cent., which is a very good return. The holder of Union Pacific Stock, however, has to have the capacity to ignore market fluctuations if he holds for investment purposes.

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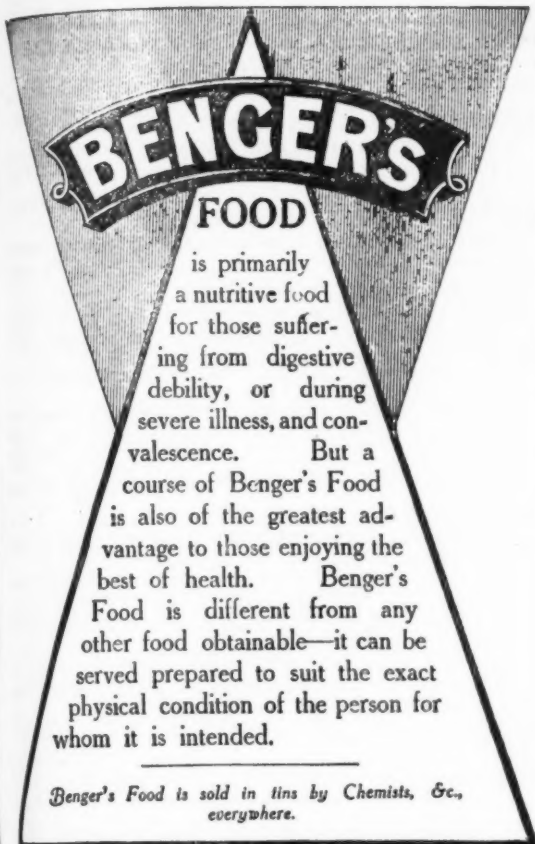
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